SEPT 21,
1935

Liberty

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Start Now **FLOWER OF THE GODS**

by ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT—EASTERN MAGIC and WHITE PASSION

LABOR FACES THE ISSUES SQUARELY

by WILLIAM GREEN, President of the American Federation of Labor

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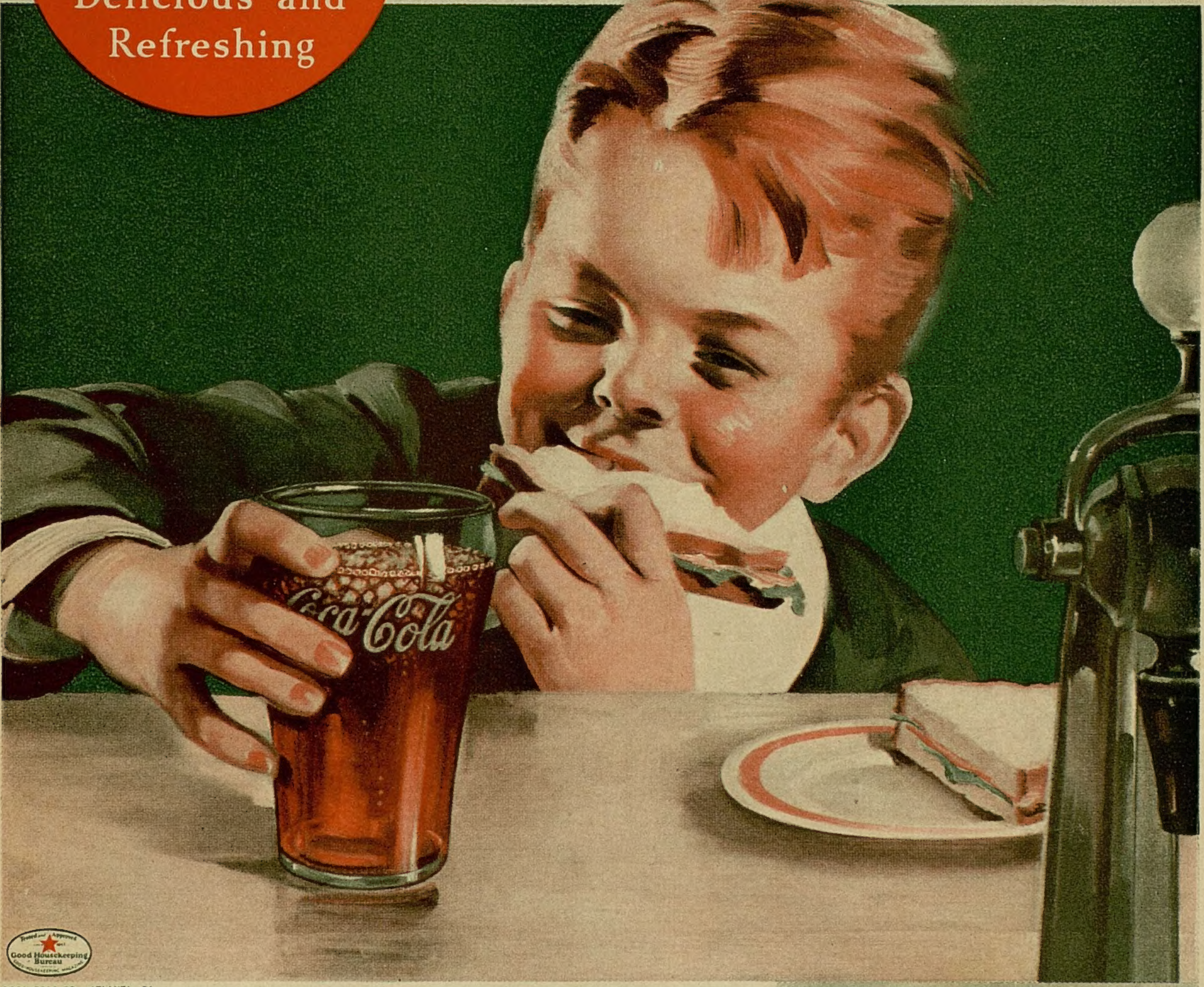

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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IS DISASTER HEADED FOR THE SOUTH?

DOWN South the AAA is testing out another price-fixing program. For some time the government has fixed the price at twelve cents for cotton. It will be announced that next year it will be only nine cents. However, the AAA have agreed to make up the difference to cotton growers. Cotton growers will therefore continue to receive twelve cents a pound for their cotton.

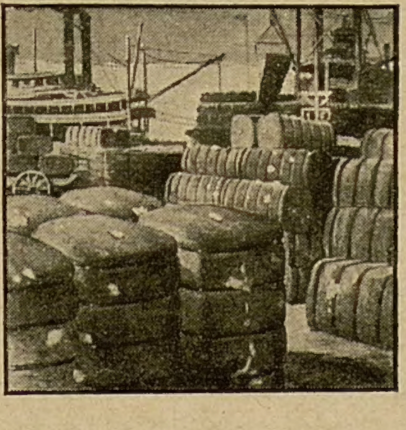
The lesson taught our government by the wheat price-fixing program has seemingly been forgotten. To be sure, there were no wheat crops plowed under at that time, but the huge volume that the government had to buy to maintain the price of wheat finally caused the Farm Board to discontinue their program, and the price of wheat slumped to twenty-five cents, bankrupting a large percentage of the wheat farmers.

Twelve-cent cotton has almost eliminated the depression throughout the entire South. But creating an artificial price for cotton far above foreign values has encouraged other countries to raise cotton. During the year ending July, 1934, our cotton exports were nearly eight million bales, while during the year ending July, 1935, they were less than five million bales, a decrease in our cotton export of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

That amount of money divided among our cotton farmers would be very much appreciated at this time.

During this same period foreign competitors are said to have increased their sales by two and a half million bales.

Two years ago Brazil, which is fast becoming a cotton-growing country, exported considerably more than a half million bales. This year it is estimated that more than one million bales will be shipped from that country.



It is reported that Germany has cut the cotton purchased from the United States 70 per cent; France 50 per cent; and England 40 per cent, all of which clearly indicates that we will probably lose nearly all of our cotton-exporting business. Formerly 60 per cent of our cotton crop was sold abroad and only 40 per cent consumed at home.

As long as the government is willing to assume the loss of millions of dollars to make up the shortage from exports, the South may not feel the financial pinch. But how long can the government afford to absorb this huge loss that is naturally associated with this artificial price-fixing? Probably the South can depend upon this price being maintained at least until after the next Presidential election. But thereafter they had better prepare for a slump.

Depressions come and go. They cannot be avoided. When you boost prices way beyond real values a slump is bound to appear ultimately, and any attempt to remedy such a situation by artificial measures usually delays the final return to normalcy. The truth of this statement has been very clearly proved in this greatly prolonged depression. If there had been no governmental tinkering with business, crops, etc., the suffering for a time might have been more severe but the depression would undoubtedly have been over some time ago.

If there is an oversupply of farm or other products the price is automatically reduced and the results are losses instead of profits. But no one will continue to sell the products of his labor at a loss. The supply under such circumstances automatically decreases and the price rises again. That is the working process of the economic law, and to attempt to change or divert this procedure from its normal course is foolish beyond description.

And yet we have seen this exact procedure followed by some officials in our present administration in business and agriculture. When fanciful theories instead of practical experience are the guiding force of administrative officials we can hardly expect anything different.

There was an appalling situation in the South when cotton was selling at five cents, and perhaps the emergency measures of the government then were excusable. But it is certainly foolish to try to continue such a procedure. It is sure to bring disaster.

What the South and every part of this country needs is stabilization of values, a business situation that can be depended upon, that is solid and sound in its every phase.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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★ FLOWER ★ OF THE GODS

PART ONE—

A RASH YOUNG MAN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ONCE it happened. It was perhaps, as some people say, just an amazing coincidence. Still, once it happened! Its pattern fell, frighteningly and glowingly, across the lives of half a dozen people, and the man who wove it was Tao, the Tibetan high priest.

Age-old he was; age-young. For his memory reached back, beyond the yawning centuries, into the past. It reached forward, beyond the curtains that Time pins against the stars, into the future—the Golden Age, when the inner life shall be acknowledged as the sole reality, and when death and the grave shall have lost their sordid victory.

A symbolic figure—this Tao? No, no! We met him in the flesh—down at Cape Cod, in this year of the Lord 1935.

And he told us the tale of the Flower of the Gods—how it ended—and how it began.

It began years ago, in 1893.

It began in the almost prehistoric days when Woodrow Wilson was a professor at Princeton; when Franklin D. Roosevelt had not yet matriculated at Harvard; when jazz was known as ragtime; when half the world trembled at Germany's saber-rattling; when rouge and lipstick were synonymous with scarlet sin, and hypocrisy with chastity; and when a mere nobody by the name of Henry Ford was tinkering with bits of tin.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

EVER since the first white man went into the mysterious East, tales have come of marvels performed by Oriental holy men.

Who has not heard of the Hindu wizard who throws a rope into the air and it stands straight up? A boy who climbs up a rope and disappears into the sky? Then there is the marvelous mango tree that yogis make grow before your very eyes.

Is it all just the weird nonsense of travelers' tales, or is there a magic in the East the white man has still to see?

These authors say such things can be—but their purpose is to amuse and entertain.

The days when wireless and radio and transoceanic telephone and television were a madman's dream, when, in consequence, with distance and speed still unconquered, the map of the world was covered with spots marked "Unknown region," and when the pipe calls of the red wilderness gods lured a keen lad on to romance and high adventure. To danger as often as not!

That's what Sir Hilary Watts, the British resident commissioner at Siliguri, a small Indian town that nestled in a fold of the Himalaya foothills, told Lee Breckinridge at luncheon that day when it all began. Oh, yes—Sir Hilary admitted—he had been young and foolish himself. He had had his fling at the back of the beyond, among yellow men and brown, copper and black. But Lee Breckinridge's idea of crossing the Tibetan frontier, three days' trek away?

"Don't do it! Tibet is still the Forbidden Land."

"Forbidden by whom?" asked Lee Breckinridge.

He was young, perhaps twenty-nine, more short than tall, stocky yet powerfully built, tersely masculine, dark-haired but blue-eyed—his eyes were blue as old Virginia pride, and blue too as its courage; his wife once said that Lee Breckinridge's eyes were flag-blue.

"Forbidden by the Tibetans," replied Sir Hilary.

"Frightfully backward, aren't they?"

"Yes—suspicious breed. They hate strangers—not only us Englishmen, but all white men— "

"And they're right," a third voice chimed in. The speaker, a man about Lee Breckinridge's age, was an Oriental, lean, hawkish, skin the color of an orange, yet he was startlingly handsome. He was Prince Mehmet Ali, a Moslem aristocrat whose father, besides being the prime minister of Tartaristan, was the Far East's wealthiest man. "Yes," Mehmet Ali went on in an Oxford drawl, "the Tibetans are perfectly right in keeping the white men out of their country."

Sir Hilary was amused and smiled at both his guests. "Don't you believe in civilization and progress?" he queried.

"Do you call it civilization to help yourself to somebody else's land and goods? Listen!" Prince Mehmet Ali's accents rose a hectic octave. He had been drinking rather heavily. "Sneak thieves—that's what your white pioneers are! Bullies and brigands! What right have they in Asia? It is a yellow man's world. Yes—tell me—what right have you British in India, the French in Indo-China, the Russians in Manchuria?"

"The right," said Sir Hilary, who was beginning to be nettled, "of superior— "

"Force! The right—of superior force! And that's all the right you have! Brutal force! Bloody, murderous force!" Mehmet Ali paused; caught his breath, went on: "But some day—Allah, may it be soon!—your superior force will crumble. Some day we men of Asia—we shall wake up and escort you out—every one of you! We—Tartars, Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, Turks, Japanese—we've conquered you before, and we shall conquer you again! We shall give you a land hissing with blood and the scimitar when it is black with gore! *Wah!*" and his Oxford veneer cracked; the drunken man was suddenly fantastically Oriental—"we shall treat you as for centuries you have treated us—with hate and contempt and injustice! An eye for an eye, it says in the Koran—a life for a life! It is a decent saying, a just and proper saying!"

"It is not!" exclaimed Lee Breckinridge. "War is cowardly. It is—murder!"

"Is murder necessarily evil?" challenged Mehmet Ali.

"Yes."

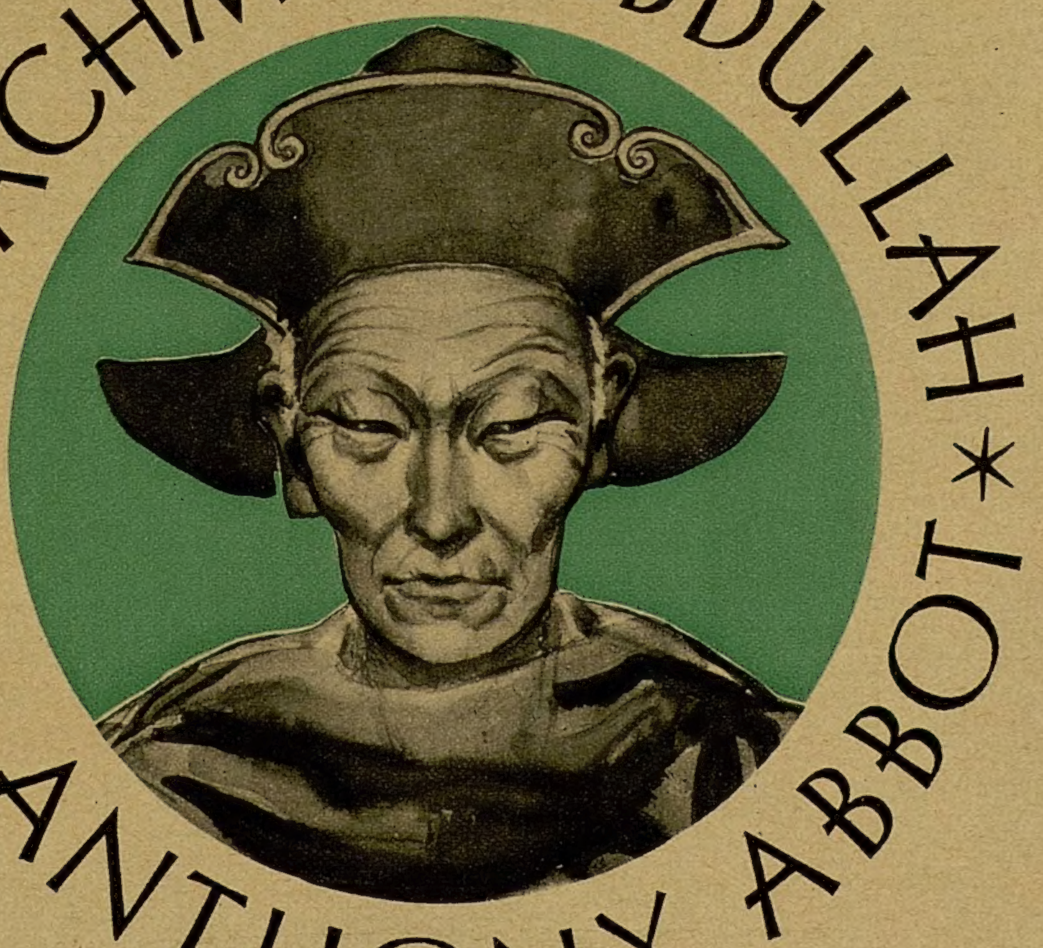
"No. Not always. Murder—for the sake of a principle, a high and noble principle—is an excellent and virtuous deed, recommended by an excellent and virtuous Lord Allah!"

He rose. He came a step nearer to Lee Breckinridge; and the latter was startled, was even a little frightened, at the savage gleam that eddied up in the other's eyes—eyes that glistened like mica disks while he went on:

"Hate, too, is a force—a great, noble, vital, throbbing, constructive force! And I—well, frankly, I was educated in it and I hate the white man's world! I hate Christianity and all its works! I hate the whole West—because for hundreds of years it has enslaved my own

A DARING NOVEL OF EASTERN MAGIC, WHITE PASSION, AND MODERN LIVES IN THE THRALL OF AN ANCIENT MYSTERY

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH * AND ANTHONY ABBOT *



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN B. WATROUS

land, Asia; has enmeshed us with its false creed, its false values, its false civilization! I"—a little shrilly—"I hug my hate to my heart like a precious thing!"

He flung out of the room; and the Englishman and the American looked at each other. It was a sad ending to what had been a pleasant enough meal.

"Of course," mused Lee, "there was something in what the man said. You know, Asia has been getting—rather a rough deal."

"Sentimentalist, are you?"

"Call me a believer in practical idealism—in freedom, democracy, an equal chance for everybody."

"Frightfully American—what?"

"I guess so. Anyway, I believe in peace. And—to return to our argument about Tibet—my mission there is absolutely peaceful and harmless."

"Oh—is it?" Sir Hilary looked up sharply. "In the diplomatic service, aren't you?"

"Not this trip. I am here—well, unofficially. Because of my hobby—"

"Quite so." Sir Hilary's tone was frankly skeptical. "Looking for plants—eh?"

"Yes. Plants with narcotic properties. Which reminds me—do you know anything about a flower called the Flower of the Gods that's said to grow up in Tibet, near the Jelep Pass?"

A minute earlier, Krishna Chand, Sir Hilary's Kashmiri butler, had come in with a fresh bottle of whisky. He gave a little start while his master replied: "Oh, yes—the Flower of the Gods. I've heard of it." A pause. "You know—it's supposed to work miracles."

"Miracles!" The young Virginian chuckled. "They still believe in them in this neck o' the woods, don't they? Well, superstitions do sometimes have a scientific foundation. Or, putting it the other way, what seems reasonable to the civilized mind seems unreasonable, therefore supernatural, to the savage. For instance, this Flower of the Gods. Well, I've an idea it may contain just the new kind of opiate I'm looking for—some juice that puts people to sleep or alleviates pain." He smiled. "That *would* be a miracle to the untutored heathen."

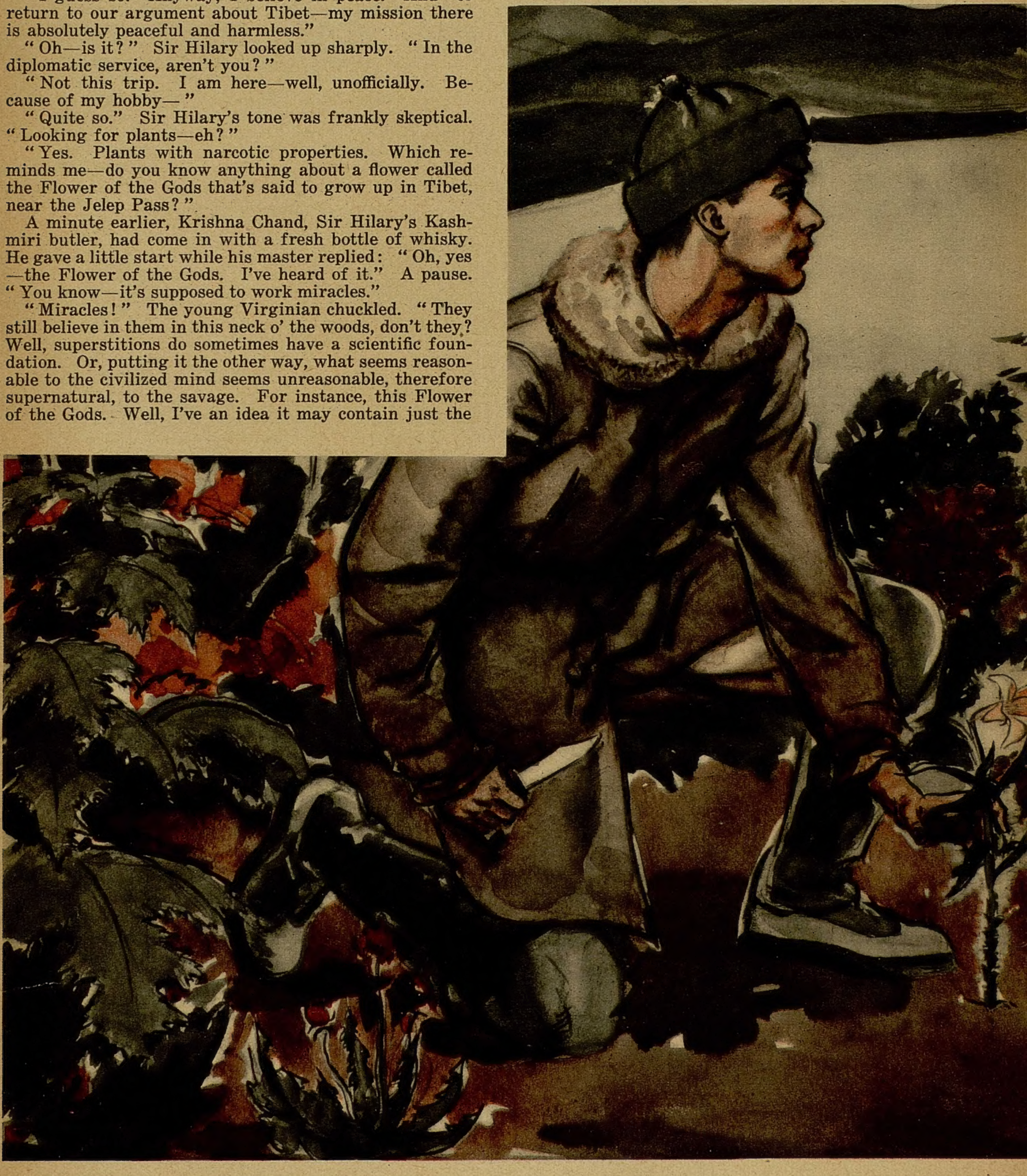
"The miracle ascribed to the Flower of the Gods," Sir Hilary rejoined, "is different." He turned to the butler. "Tell the sahib."

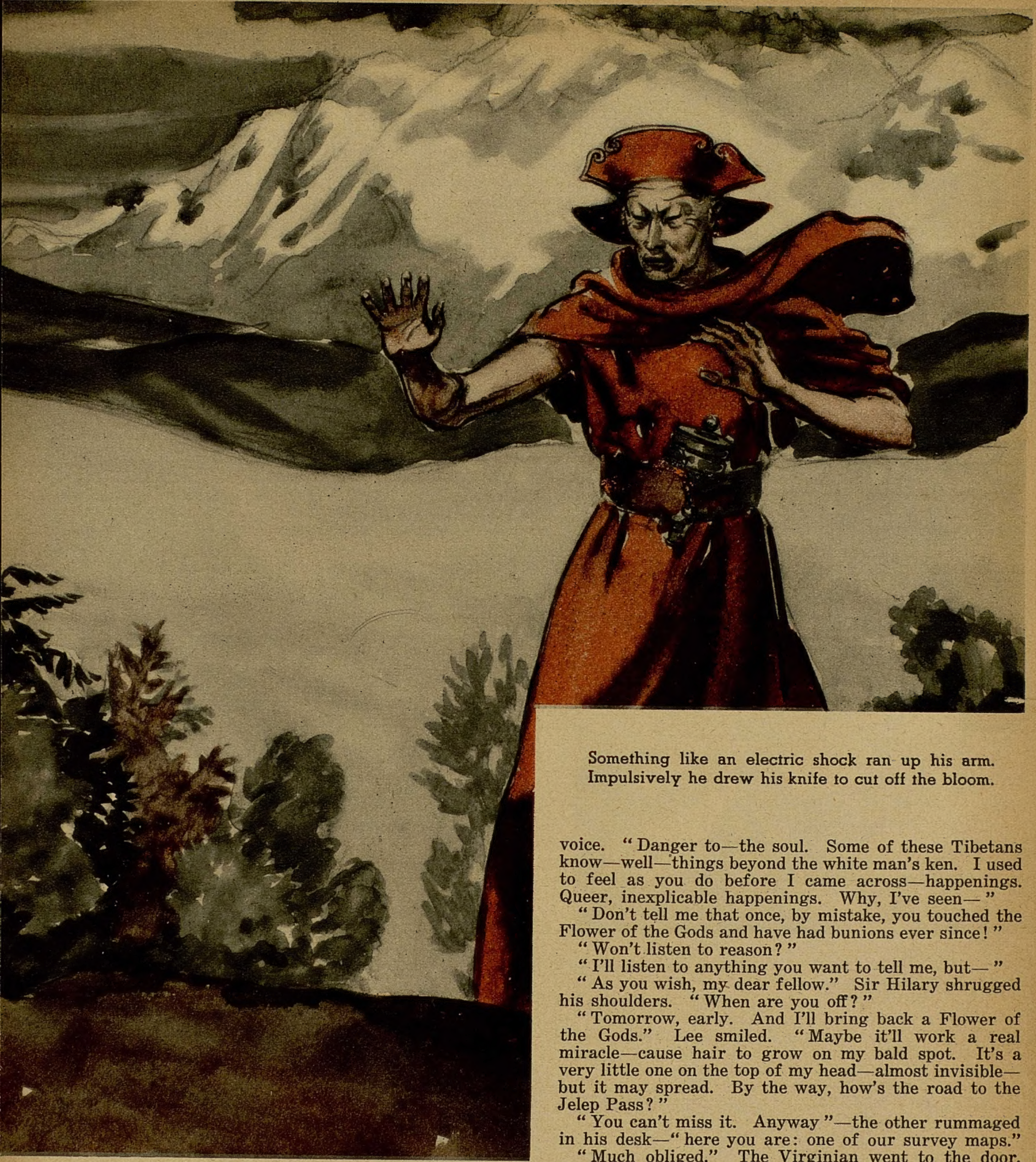
Krishna Chand salaamed. He spoke slowly in a high-pitched, sleepwalker's voice:

"Only those who are pure in heart and thought and deed are permitted to touch the Flower of the Gods. To all others its touch brings terrible misfortune."

Lee gravely concealed his amusement.

"Charming," he commented. "Well—I'll find out





Something like an electric shock ran up his arm. Impulsively he drew his knife to cut off the bloom.

what there's to it. I'll gather some of those flowers."

"Sahib—" the Kashmiri was frightened, "please—don't go!" No doubt of the man's utter sincerity. "Don't try! The Flower of the Gods—"

The Kashmiri cast an eloquent glance at the ceiling and glided from the room.

"If I were you," chimed in Sir Hilary, "I'd take Krishna Chand's advice. Tibet is dangerous."

"Well, I don't exactly court danger. Still—I'm young enough, strong and healthy enough."

"I was not referring to physical danger."

"What other danger is there?"

"Psychic danger." The Englishman lowered his voice. "Danger to—the soul. Some of these Tibetans know—well—things beyond the white man's ken. I used to feel as you do before I came across—happenings. Queer, inexplicable happenings. Why, I've seen—"

"Don't tell me that once, by mistake, you touched the Flower of the Gods and have had bunions ever since!"

"Won't listen to reason?"

"I'll listen to anything you want to tell me, but—"

"As you wish, my dear fellow." Sir Hilary shrugged his shoulders. "When are you off?"

"Tomorrow, early. And I'll bring back a Flower of the Gods." Lee smiled. "Maybe it'll work a real miracle—cause hair to grow on my bald spot. It's a very little one on the top of my head—almost invisible—but it may spread. By the way, how's the road to the Jelep Pass?"

"You can't miss it. Anyway"—the other rummaged in his desk—"here you are: one of our survey maps."

"Much obliged." The Virginian went to the door. "I'll see you in a few weeks."

Not long afterward the Kashmiri servant strolled over to the dak bungalow where Lee lived and, squatting on his haunches, conversed there with the latter's servant, Tong Chak-pa, an Indian-born Tibetan to whom he owed a debt of gratitude for something connected with a white knife, a crimson death, and a black perjury.

Tong Chak-pa inclined his head.

"He is going up to seek the Flower of the Gods—that is so?" he said.

"Yes."

"The Flower of the Blessed Buddha!" Tong Chak-pa drew a wooden prayer wheel from his waist shawl and gave it a couple of energetic twirls. *"Oom ma-ni pad-me!*

Hong—hail, jewel in the lotus!" he exclaimed devoutly. "You warned the foreigner?"

"I did. So did Sir Hilary sahib. But—as I told you—there is no arguing with an American."

"I know." Tong Chak-pa sighed reminiscently. "I have tried. Might as well argue with the buffalo about to gore you."

"Therefore—you will leave him?"

"Not today. Nor"—the Tibetan winked—"tomorrow."

"But—" Krishna Chand stammered.

"Will there not be a third day?" the other continued. "Will there not be, on this third day, bran aplenty to be picked up by the little brown hen?"

The Kashmiri's thick lips curled in an understanding grin.

"To be picked up," he inquired, "near the Tibetan border?"

"Aye—where there is no fear of the Ber-ritish sahibs' police—may they be reborn as lice for uncounted lives to come!"

And their talk dropped to a drone, while inside the dak bungalow Lee Breckinridge was writing a letter to Laura, his wife, thousands of miles away in Virginia—the little town of Stantonville, in the heart of the Blue Ridge.

Lee smiled as he wrote, as he thought of his homeland, of the gracious columned colonial house where for generations the Breckinridges had lived. His own house—and its ancient potent spell.

His wife, too, was Virginian. A Chisholm of the Albermarle County Chisholms.

He saw her through the vision of his mind—with her exquisite oval of a face, her low broad white forehead, her hair chestnut brown and most wantonly curled, her eyes deep and dark blue. Eyes—the imagery came to him—like some peaceful cloister into which a tired man might turn after the hubbub of an unquiet life.

Life in the far places: China, Borneo, Africa. And now Tibet. But—he was fed up with it, fed up with his roving diplomatic mission. As soon as this present journey was over he would go to Washington, pull a few wires, and get himself transferred to a home job.

Besides, there was his child. A boy called James Chisholm Breckinridge—and born a few weeks earlier.

Laura's cablegram announcing the birth had reached him in Calcutta, while he had been at dinner. And he recalled how he had blown himself to a pint of champagne, had then hurried to the telegraph office and wired back:

JUST DRANK YOURS AND THE BABYS HEALTH THREE HEARTY CHEERS I LOVE YOU DARLING

Yes. He loved Laura. He had always loved her. Had never loved another.

Then suddenly he interrupted his thoughts. He asked himself a question:

"Never loved another? Never?"

And what about Peggy—Peggy Ann Rivers? Red-haired Peggy, whose memory even now was a taste of ashes and gall in his mouth. Peggy, who had been so fond of life and life's motley gestures; and who had died because—

Gallantly she had died, shielding him with her brave silence. And now she was buried. His secret was buried with her.

HE walked up and down in the bungalow.

"I wonder," he asked himself half defiantly, "why I think of Peggy tonight? Yes! And I wonder if it was really my fault?"

No, no—nobody's fault. The fault of life, of nature. Two people meeting, a boy and a girl. Something—something chemical, added his scientific mind—in the one reacting to something in the other. And then—the inevitable.

He sighed, sat down again, and finished his letter:

> . . . for this is my very last trip, honey. Home for me hereafter. Home—and you—and the baby. I am crazy to see the little devil. Has he your eyes? I'll never forgive him if he hasn't.
>
> Tomorrow I am off for Tibet to look for a flower called the Flower of the Gods. It is said to bring all sorts of luck to those who are pure in heart and thought and deed. Seems just the flower for you, dear.
>
> I adore you—and I miss you dreadfully. LEE.

So, at sunup on the next morning, Lee and Tong Chak-pa rode out of Siliguri astride shaggy Kashmiri ponies and followed by a pack mule laden with provisions. They were warmly dressed in sheepskin coats, lamb's-wool vests, quilted overalls, Balaklava caps, and fur-lined gloves and knee boots. For the cold was intense.

They traveled all day; camped that evening close to a blazing fire of pine logs. It did not help much against the withering cold.

Lee was unable to sleep for a long time. He felt curiously excited. Once more, maddeningly, unreasonably, came the memory of Peggy. It seemed to pursue him. It was—so very queerly—tinged by fear.

Not physical fear, fear which he could understand and overcome; and he asked himself: "Fear of—what?"

Nonsense. Nothing to fear!

And he counted sheep until finally he went to sleep.

By daybreak they were on the way again. Due north. Crossing frozen torrents that were sloping sheets of ice, through a land where there was no sign of life except an occasional flight of snow pigeons.

Evening at last. Camp in a small cave formed by an overhanging basalt slab where it was a little warmer. And again sleep was slow in coming to Lee Breckinridge. Again he was prey to subtle, creeping fear.

This fear persisted. It was his shadow on the third day of their journey, while, hour after hour, they came nearer to the Tibetan frontier. It squatted, grinning and evil, by his side as, once more, in the evening they camped close to a blazing fire. And the next morning, as he awakened, it was there to greet him. But now in the dawn it was most brutally real.

For Lee Breckinridge was alone. There was no Tong Chak-pa. There were no horses, no mule. The man—the trail of footsteps and hoofs, sharply etched into the frozen ground and leading south, told its treacherous tale—had run away in the night. He had taken along not only the animals but also Lee's rifle and most of his other belongings, including the saddlebags that contained his money, his passport, and all his papers; had left him nothing except his revolver, his knife, a small bag of provisions, and the survey map.

Momentarily he felt panic. But it quickly gave way to a great anger; and it was this anger which—though he was afoot and the other mounted and hours in advance—made him retrace his steps. He would catch up with Tong Chak-pa if it was the last thing he ever did!

He hurried on his way—hour after hour—on the fugitive's trail. And the cold was brutish; the road was steep and perilous; the northern wind howled like a wolf. It was a little after sunrise of the following day that he heard a cry which blended fear of death and agony of death.

Down a ravine he saw Tong Chak-pa. The servant lay there—crumpled, smashed. Nor was it lust of revenge which caused Lee to climb down the slippery rocks at imminent risk of his own life, but pity; and pity which caused him to bathe and bandage the Tibetan's wounds.

It was useless. The man was dying—was babbling with his last breath the tale of his own treachery: how, because they would have been a sure proof of this same treachery had they been found on him, he had torn up Lee's passport and papers; and how the animals had stampeded after the accident; and "Forgive me, O sahib! Be pleased to forgive your worthless servant! And—sahib, sahib, go back to India! Do not seek the Flower of the Gods, sahib! Dear Buddha—you must not . . ."

So Tong Chak-pa died with a warning on his lips.

LEE shrugged his shoulders. He had set out to do a job, and he was not the sort to turn tail. Besides, he could not afford to return to Siliguri. For in Siliguri was Sir Hilary; and he could imagine how that red-faced, good-natured old Britisher would laugh.

Only one thing to do: he must carry on into Tibet. The road was clearly defined. He had the map. There was danger—yes. But danger, for the sake of scientific inquiry, had to be discounted. So he trekked on.

The road dipped. It grew warmer with that fantastic swiftness so typical of the Himalayas, so that by noon he had to peel off his heavy outer clothing and carry it slung over his back.

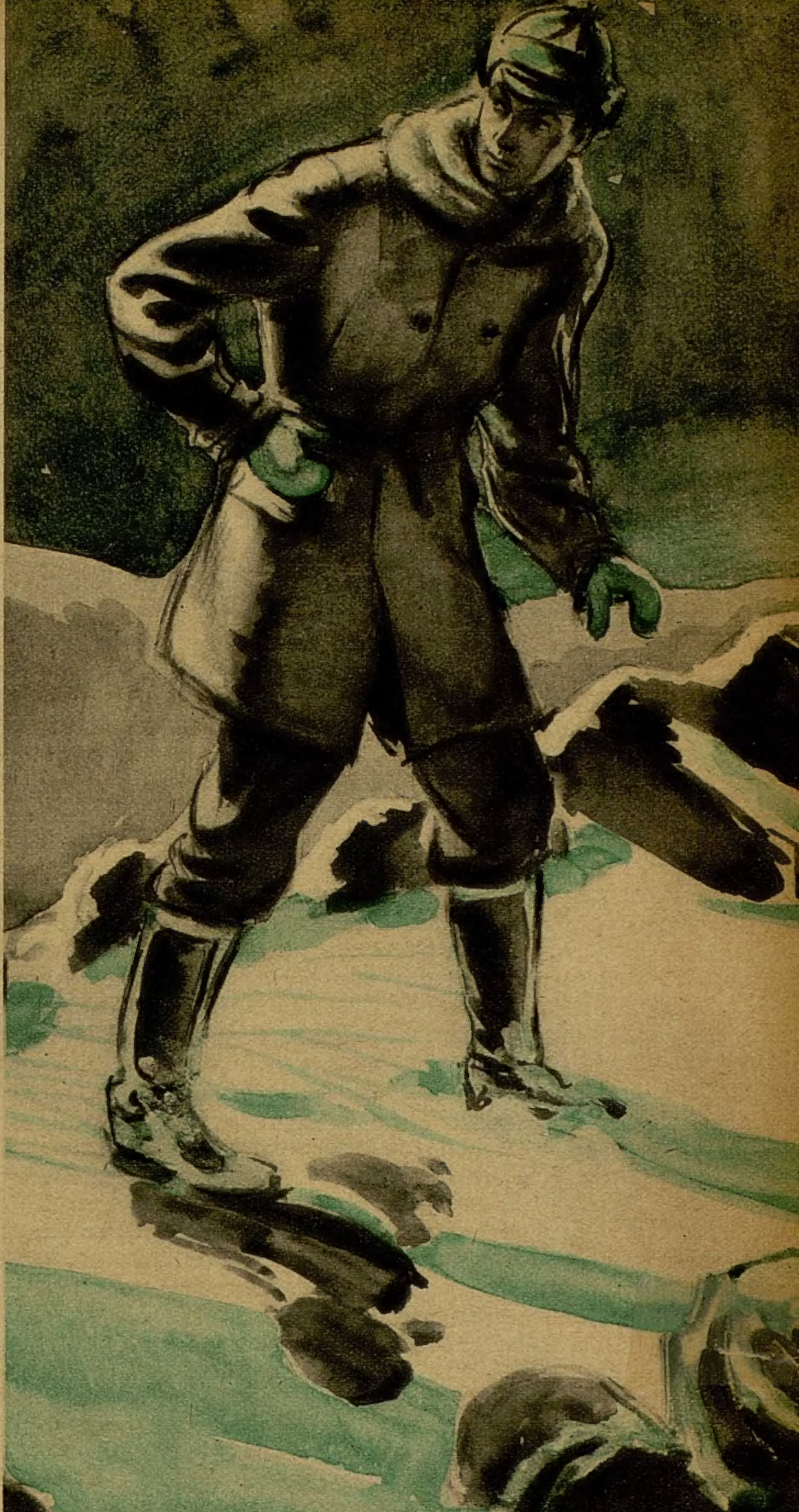
As he walked he thought of his wife. By early spring he'd be home. Then they'd go on a trip, maybe to Maryland. It would be like a second honeymoon.

No—he smiled—not exactly like a honeymoon, since they'd have their child along.

He was fond of children. Their clutching selfish helplessness appealed to him. For deep in his soul there was a certain altruistic, almost quixotic streak. At times hidden, inactive—at other times flashing free, reckless of his own interests, even of his own life.

For instance, two years earlier, in a Borneo village far in the interior, when he had faced a whole tribe of savages drunk with blood and palm beer, to save a small girl marked for heathenish ritual and already pegged out on the ground. Well—he had got away with it; had freed her; carried her with him; turned her over to some Spanish missionaries. And how the ugly flat-nosed plum-colored little brat had hugged and kissed him!

He laughed at the recollection. And then his laugh broke off sharply as, suddenly, uneasiness returned to him. And fear moved toward him with a grim, an inexorable purpose. Fear had followed him or, he felt suddenly sure, something was behind him.



He felt sure something was behind him. He turned; looked; saw nothing. Yet he could still feel the thing.

That was it! He was being followed.

And he turned; looked; saw nothing.

Yet, even as he saw nothing, he could still feel, with his soul if not with his senses, the—the thing which followed him; and he felt this thing inside of him, entangled in a maze of memories.

Memories of Peggy Ann Rivers.

He called himself a fool. "Fool! Fool!" he said out loud, and he kept on his way toward the frontier, Tibet, his quest there: the Flower of the Gods.

On toward the Jelep Pass—and as he neared it, coming around a bend that had hidden the vista with a great piling of sandstone and porphyry, he drew back in amazement.

For the road stopped short, barred by a huge granite wall, apparently a landslip, almost perpendicular, over two thousand feet high, and stretching east and west for miles without a break. Nor were there other trails, left or right, cutting away from the main path. The road ended here—that was all.

Yet—how *could* it end? The pass, according to the map, continued for miles, up to a Lamaist monastery called the Monastery of the Buddha's Ear; and he grew more puzzled as he noticed, leading from the landslip directly into the south, fresh tracks as well as sheep droppings. Somebody, most likely a Tibetan shepherd, had come recently from the pass—the pass barred by this gaunt and towering obstacle.

Could he have climbed down?

Impossible. Too steep for a man, even the most expert mountaineer. Surely too steep for a flock of sheep. Therefore—the only answer—there must be a tunnel somewhere. But he could see no sign of it.

With his right hand he took hold of a tough gorse bush while with his left he inserted his alpenstock into a stone fissure, using it as a brake. After an attempt or two he succeeded, drew himself fully up, and found himself on a narrow ledge. He moved along it slowly, carefully. He observed that here too were the imprints of footsteps. And then, suddenly, he saw in front of him a black tunnel entrance leading down at a sharp angle.

He entered. He felt worn slippery steps under his feet. Slowly, while the darkness deepened until it became a solid black, he groped his way down and found himself in the tunnel. He walked on, he did not know how far—guessed it must have been a mile and a half. And presently he noticed the air was less heavy and that straight ahead was a point of light.

There was another thing he noticed. It was an odor. Elusive at first, no more than a whiff, although curiously sweet and alluring. Oddly remote, yet oddly poignant. Becoming stronger second after second.

As he continued on his way the spot of light widened to brazen golden daylight. He stepped out into the open. The odor was now overpowering. And then he saw a flower; and he knew—instantly and for certain—that it must be the Flower of the Gods!

He looked at it; and a sense of wonder came to him. Not that, but for its scent, the flower was out of the ordinary. It was just a medium-sized lilac-colored lily.

What astonished him was that—while all round was the bitter heart of winter, the jagged boulders and scanty scraggly trees blanketed with snow and shimmering with ice crystals—the Flower of the Gods bloomed in the middle of a small garden that extended over no more than a couple of hundred square feet—yet a garden beautifully tended, where, with his back to him and evidently unaware of his presence, a gardener painstakingly weeded the ripe earth.

BUT his amazement did not last. He recalled what he had told Sir Hilary Watts when he had learned about the miracles which the Flower of the Gods was supposed to work. He told himself now that he had been right. The flower contained a heavy narcotic. This was demonstrated by its overwhelming perfume which presumably—here was a brand-new scientific principle to investigate—engendered heat. A heat so powerful that, within a narrow radius, it was able to put a semblance of spring into winter's rigid core.

Was this the solution? The possibility made him happy. It might cause his name to become famous!

So he walked up to the flower. Its scent rose and almost made him dizzy. He touched the stem—and something like an electric shock ran up his arm. Perhaps merely imagination? He did not know. But he was conscious of a vague sense of alarm; hesitated for a second. Then, impulsively, he drew his knife to cut off the bloom and dig up the root. But he stopped as he heard a voice in English: "No, no, sahib! Please!"

It was the gardener. He approached; and Lee saw that he was a Tibetan priest, old and lean and tall, a wooden Buddhistic prayer wheel stuck in his belt.

Lee was glad that the man knew English. His own Tibetan was no more than a fair smattering.

"Don't worry!" he said. "I'm buying your flower, not stealing it. I'll send you a hundred rupees"—surely a generous price—"just as soon as I get back to India."

He slashed at the stem—it was surprisingly tough—while the other advanced on a run, imploring him not to touch the blossom—adding in accents fraught with sincere and terrible anxiety:

"Oh—please! You do not know what you are doing!"

"Don't I, though!"

Lee was a little embarrassed. Typical old gardener, he thought, jealous of every last little plant under his care. Well—couldn't be helped. He had to have this flower! The next second he had snipped it off.

The priest drew back. He stared at the Virginian. In horror he stared, and—the passing disquieting notion came to the latter—in pity.

"Buddha!" was his flat, frightened whisper. "O Excellent Lord Gautama Buddha!"

THE other was certainly taking it hard, Lee reflected. But he *had* been highhanded. He shouldn't have helped himself without so much as "by your leave."

"I see now that my scientific curiosity," he explained with persuasive humility, "got the best of my manners. I apologize humbly." He meant it. "And I'll make it two hundred rupees—which"—quickly, shrewdly—"includes the bulb. Will that do?"

The expression on the priest's face was unchanged.

"Can you buy off the gods?" he asked slowly.

"The gods?" echoed Lee. "What are you talking about?"

"The justice of the gods—the Flower of the Gods—the curse to a human soul! *Your* soul, O my friend!"

"I've touched the flower already," he pleaded. "I suppose the harm is done. It's too late."

"It is never too late for anything! Never too late to purify the soul—by suffering!"

Lee looked at the priest; saw him utterly serious. He was about to give a flippant ironic answer. But he reconsidered. Instinctively he liked the man—really liked him—if for nothing else than his blazing sincerity. No use hurting his feelings. So he went on:

"I didn't mean to insult you nor your gods—either by cutting off the flower or by offering you money. Forgive me—won't you? And let's forget all about it!"

"A deed done is a deed done. It is a fact. It can be forgotten—and forgiven—only after the price has been paid. The price—in remorse—and suffering!" The priest's voice boomed out imperiously: "Come!"

He pointed to where, with the mountain mists rolling back like a curtain, Lee beheld topping a granite ridge a huge building, doubtless the monastery. "Come!" he repeated. "Let me show you the road to purification—the Buddha grant it—and forgiveness!"

For a moment or two the Virginian was silent. He remembered what he had heard in India: the harsh faith of these fanatical northern Buddhists; their way of seeking, and inflicting, atonement by mortifying the flesh, by flagellation and torture. He felt something like an icy hand touching his spine. He turned. In choked tones he said: "I'll be on my way."

"No!"

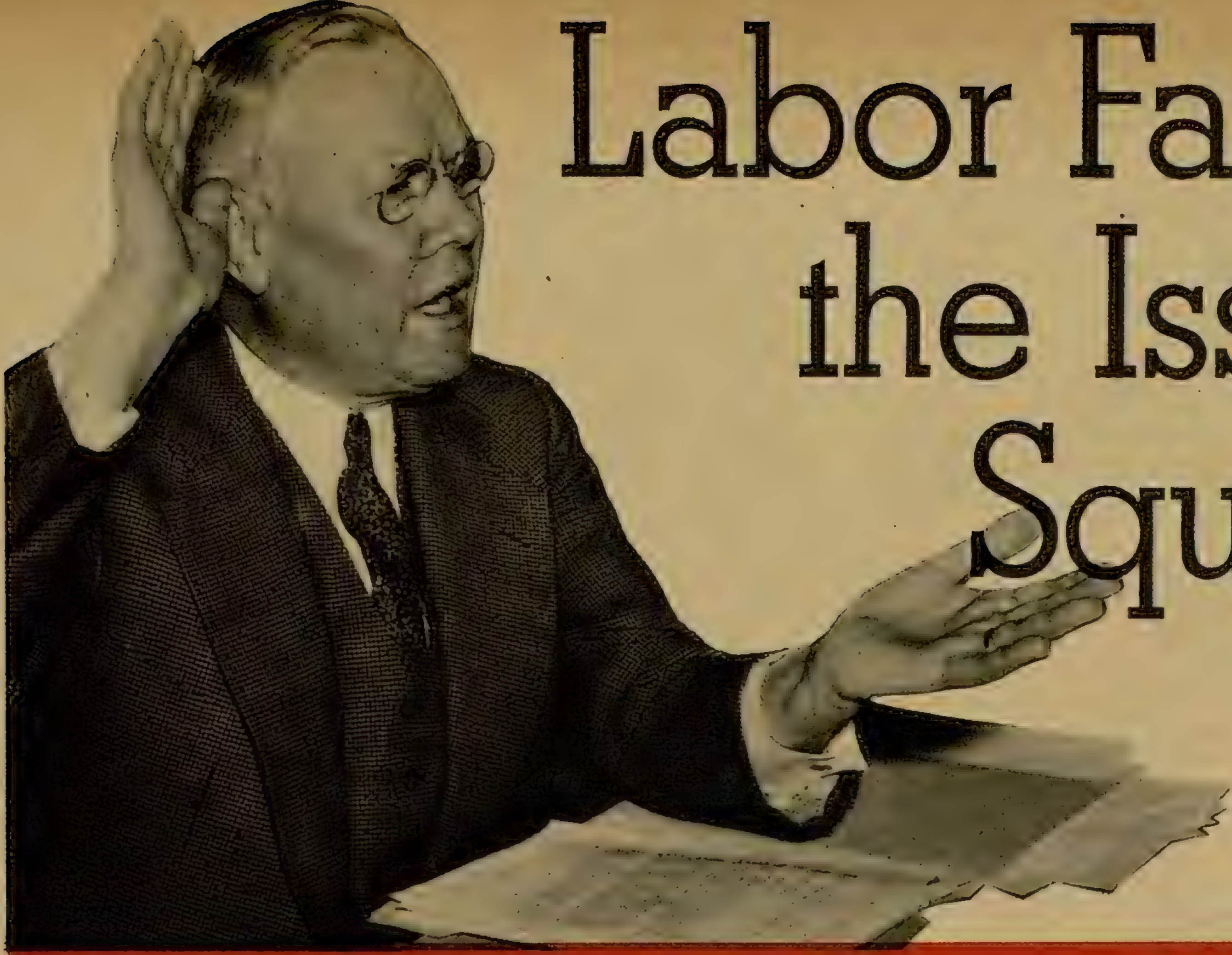
The priest reached out a gnarled bony hand. He gripped Lee's arm—and the latter grew angry. He tore himself free with a jerk, pushed the other roughly aside. And the very next second—they had popped out of nowhere, it seemed—he found himself surrounded by a dozen or so Tibetan monks, large burly men, swinging their heavy wooden prayer wheels like clubs, surging about him, closing in like hounds pulling down a stag.

Lee fought valiantly. But he was buried under an avalanche of arms and legs and perspiring malodorous bodies; felt death near; heard, as from a great distance, the priest's strong imperious voice: "Stop!"

Instantly the monks jumped away from the prone man—but not before one had given him a final blow with his prayer wheel, smashing it down brutally.

The American lost consciousness.

"The justice of the gods!" What price will they exact for Lee's insult to their holy flower? The finger of fate now points to the grim monastery, but will that be all, or will Lee's path of atonement lead him farther into the dark land of Tibet? Read next week's Liberty for further details of this thrilling tale of the mysterious East.



Labor Faces the Issues Squarely

by

WILLIAM GREEN

President of the American Federation of Labor

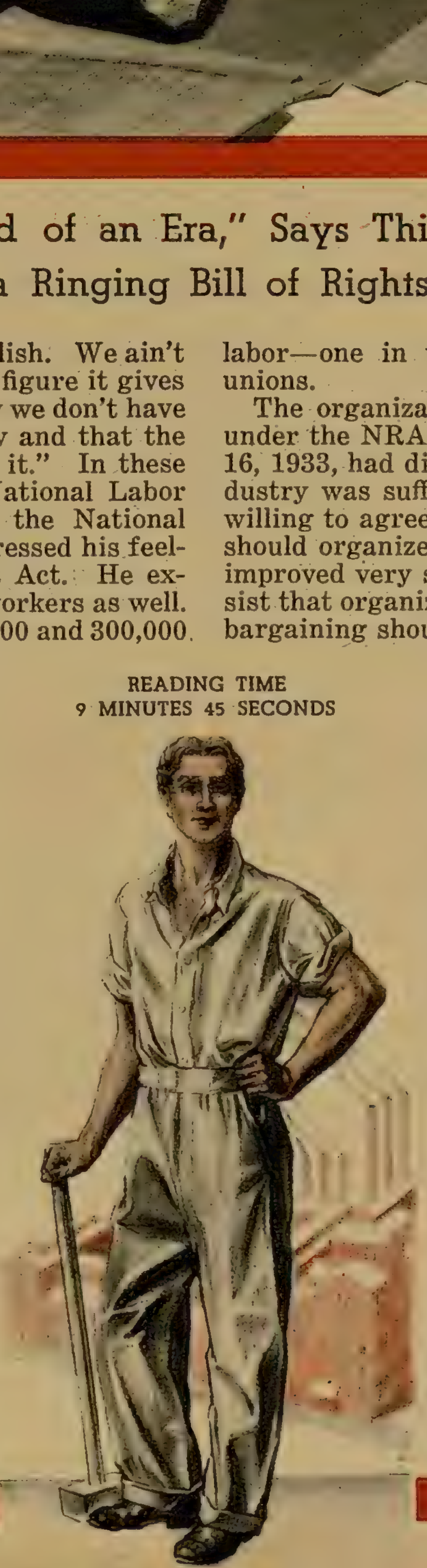
"We Have Come to the End of an Era," Says This Leader of Two and a Half Million Men — and Presents a Ringing Bill of Rights for a New, Changed Order

WE read the law as it is written in English. We ain't lawyers, but we read the law and we figure it gives us the right to join a union. But now we don't have jobs and we figure our boss broke the law and that the government ought to do something about it." In these words a worker, appearing before the National Labor Relations Board during the time when the National Industrial Recovery Act was in effect, expressed his feelings with regard to Section 7(a) of that Act. He expressed the feeling of thousands of other workers as well.

It has been estimated that between 250,000 and 300,000 men and women have, in the period between June 16, 1933, and the spring of 1935, lost their jobs because they took the provisions of Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act seriously, as meaning what they said. That section provided that workingmen should have the right to organize unions, that they should be free of any interference, coercion, or intimidation from their employers in relation to those unions, and that they should have the right to bargain collectively with their employers regarding their wages, hours, and working conditions.

Workers have known for a long time that their only chance of securing the improvements which they demand lies in the establishment of genuine collective bargaining. In the spring of 1933 Congress and President Roosevelt undertook a recovery program which had two fundamental purposes. The first was the re-employment of millions of working men and women through a reduction of the hours of work; the second was the increase of consumer purchasing power by an increase in wages. That program was to be made possible by the organization of both industry and labor—one in trade associations, the other in trade-unions.

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



The organization of industry into trade associations under the NRA was very extensive, and has, since June 16, 1933, had direct governmental assistance. When industry was suffering from the depression, it was quite willing to agree with the administration that employees should organize in trade-unions. As soon as conditions improved very slightly, however, employers began to resist that organization. Congress intended that collective bargaining should furnish the real basis of the recovery program.

What is this collective bargaining? There is nothing either new, terrifying, or revolutionary in it. It has been for many years the accepted method of fixing wages and working conditions in the majority of English industries. There are many companies and even industries in this country which have over a long period of years maintained the most satisfactory relationships with their employees through the use of collective bargaining.

Collective bargaining is the application to industry of the democratic principle that all those who have a concern or an interest shall also have a voice. This is the principle upon which our nation rests.

The working people of this country make up by far the larger part of the population. Upon their welfare depends the welfare of the nation. Of all the persons receiving income in 1929, 40 per cent received less than $1,000, while 81 per cent received less than $2,000. Yet that was a year of "prosperity." We are not and never have been a nation of wealthy people. The millions of workers must have something to say in the determination of the conditions under which they work and of the conditions under which they must live, since the wage they receive determines how, in very large measure, they shall live.

An individual worker cannot bargain over wages or working conditions with powerful corporations like United States Steel or General Motors, for example. He must accept the wages and the conditions fixed by the company. Individual bargaining has not been and can never be effective in the establishment of decent working conditions in the nation's great industries. The incredible depths to which wages sank during the depression is proof of this. The records of hearings before the NRA are filled with reports of industries which were paying five, eight, ten cents per hour, and requiring their employees to work sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety hours per week, while millions of other workers were dependent upon public and private relief.

Today the employer and the worker are theoretically in an equal position. Their positions may be equal before the law; they have an equal right to political self-expression; they have been given equal rights under the Constitution of the United States. They are not yet, however, in an equal bargaining position as regards the wages, hours of work, and working conditions which shall prevail in industry. Their economic strength is vastly different, and the present tendency of industry to be concentrated in larger and ever larger units increases the inequalities of bargaining power. It is this inequality which workers now demand shall be wiped out through a recognition of their right to organize their own unions and to bargain collectively. Our entire development has been in the direction of greater freedom for the workingman, and labor will never be satisfied until it has, in fact, the rights which it believed were given it under the National Industrial Recovery Act.

The administration, soon after the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act, found that some kind of government agency was necessary to interpret and enforce the collective-bargaining provisions. For this purpose it created the National Labor Board. That Board was replaced by the National Labor Relations Board under Public Resolution No. 44. Special boards were created in the textile, steel, and petroleum industries under the NRA to handle all Section 7(a) cases in those particular industries.

The National Labor Relations Board and its series of regional boards, together with the special industry boards just mentioned, represented the first efforts in this country to establish and develop a system of labor courts and a body of labor law.

IT is to the interest of every person in this country that the relationship between employers and employees be clarified and that adequate legal protection be extended to the millions of workers who want to organize. It is for this reason that workers all over the country are now demanding of Congress a federal statute protecting their rights. They want the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill made law. That bill makes it unlawful for employers to interfere in any way with the organization of their employees through discrimination of any kind against those workers who want to join a union; to force company-initiated, company-controlled, and company-financed employee-representation plans upon the workers; to refuse to deal with the union which is selected by a majority of the employees concerned as the collective-bargaining agency for all those employees; to refuse to permit government agencies to supervise an election among their employees to determine by what organization those employees want to be represented in collective bargaining.

Majority representation is the principle upon which our government is based. It is the principle which employers recognize in their own trade associations, and it is the principle upon which code provisions were adopted and applied to an industry under the NRA. The National Labor Relations Board early established the principle of majority representation in collective bargaining through the Houde and other decisions. The executive orders of President Roosevelt which created the Steel and Textile Labor Relations Boards contained provisions for majority rule in collective bargaining. The former National Labor Board had already established that principle in the Denver Tramway case. The Wagner Labor Disputes Bill follows these precedents.

Collective bargaining can obviously succeed only when majority rule is made effective, just as government can succeed only under majority rule. Employers themselves give up the benefits which can come to them through collective bargaining when they attempt to bargain with many groups. Through collective bargaining with responsible majority groups, employers secure a stability in their labor relations which they can secure in no other way. The attempt to bargain with a number of groups not only destroys that stability but it makes possible the control of the employer over the organization of his employees.

Many employers who are unwilling to give up the absolute control they have exercised over their employees claim that the majority rule and the closed union shop are identical. There is actually no necessary relationship between them. A union-shop agreement is something for negotiations between an employer and his employees. When the union assumes responsibility for definite conditions in an agreement, it must have a degree of control over the work force, which under some conditions must be complete. There are circumstances in many plants or industries which make a union-shop agreement highly desirable to both employer and employees.

THE American Federation of Labor has only one purpose. That is to secure for the workers of this country their rights as workers. There was a time when it was taken for granted that workers had no rights. We have come a long way since that time, but we are still a long way from recognition of the fact that workers' rights are equal to employers' rights.

Specifically, what does the worker who joins a union and demands collective bargaining through that union expect to gain? Certainly one thing he neither expects nor wants is control of the industry in which he is employed, as is so fantastically charged by employers who oppose the free organization of their employees. The workers want and ask for wages upon which they can live and support their families without being forced to depend upon relief for a portion of the year; they want to do a fair amount of work without being subjected to methods of actual terror and exploitation which are current in many industries; they want the right to join labor organizations for collective bargaining without being discharged immediately or otherwise discriminated against by the employer; they want some assurance that their job is theirs and that they cannot be fired or replaced by another and younger man at the whim of the employer or of a foreman or other lesser company official; they want assurance that, if they are laid off during a period of low production, they will be taken back before new men are hired; they want to have a voice in the determination of the speed at which they must work, and not be forced to a pace which is beyond human endurance; they want to work under conditions in which they can maintain their self-respect as American citizens; they want to be freed from the burden of fear and uncertainty which the present haphazard methods of employer-employee relationships in industry impose upon them; they want to work a reasonable number of hours each week; and they want to see as many men and women as possible put to work through the establishment of a working week which is commensurate with our state of industrial development.

Every thinking man and woman in this country knows that we have come to the end of an era of ruthless, selfish competition; that we are now engaged in an attempt to work out such fundamental changes in our economic and industrial system as will not only bring us out of the present depression, but will prevent the recurrence of such a depression in the future. Self-organization of workers in unions, and determination of wages and working conditions by the method of collective bargaining are logically and inevitably a part of that changed system.

THE END

"CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

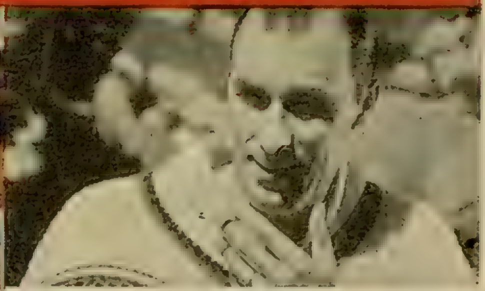
FAMOUS ATHLETES AGREE

SLUGGER. Lou Gehrig says: "For steady smoking I pick Camels. They never get my wind or my nerves. Those costly tobaccos sure show up in Camel's mildness and flavor."

TRACK STAR. James Bausch reports: "Camels are so mild they don't get my wind or cut down my endurance. And Camel is a better-tasting cigarette; always rich and mellow."

DIVER. Harold ("Dutch") Smith says: "After a meet, a Camel restores my energy. And what's equally important to me — Camels never affect my endurance or interfere with my wind."

JANE FAUNTZ, Olympic Swimming and Diving Star. "Since I started smoking, I have always smoked Camels," says Miss Fauntz. "They do not get my wind or jangle my nerves." Other champions agree as to the mildness of Camels...their fragrance and flavor...their good taste. Athletes say Camels don't fray their nerves or get their wind.



TENNIS ACE. Bill Tilden: "I must keep in 'condition.' I smoke Camels, the mild cigarette. They don't get my wind or upset my nerves. And I never tire of their smooth, rich taste."

STAR WOMAN GOLFER. "There's a certain delicacy in the flavor of Camels that appeals to women," says Helen Hicks. "And Camels do not affect my nerves or my wind, either."

GOLF CHAMPION. Gene Sarazen says: "Playing as much as I do, I *have* to keep in 'condition.' I smoke Camels. They are so mild they never get my wind — never upset my nerves."

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HOMEMAKER — Mrs. J. B. Feeley

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CAMEL
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REPORTER — Dick Hungerford

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ECONOMY
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DO AMERICAN WOMEN WANT LOTTERIES?

Here's an Uncompromising Answer from One of Them—A Look at the Facts and an Appeal to YOU

by MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

Chairman of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries

as told to

ROSE HEYLBUT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Speaker of the House Joseph Byrns and Representative Edward A. Kenney of New Jersey (at left) buying the first tickets in the Grand National Treasure Hunt—"the first legal so-called lottery in the United States"—from Mrs. Harriman.

DURING 1935 it was estimated that approximately *one billion* dollars were sent out of this country to help foreign charities. The money was spent illegally for lottery and sweepstakes tickets. It went abroad for one reason only: similar lotteries are forbidden here by law.

During that same year our own American charities—many hospitals, for example—declined to the point of near-bankruptcy; and the business of caring for the unemployed, the needy, the dependent aged has been shifted to the already overburdened taxpayer.

Why cannot those American dollars be kept at home?

Obviously, there can be no question of whether there ought to be lotteries in America. There *are* lotteries in America! The problem is not one of "having lotteries" but of having them openly, honestly, so that the money spent on them *anyway* may serve our own needs. In June, 1934, a national committee was formed to bring about just such a legalization of lotteries. I was asked to be its chairman and I accepted the post.

Certainly charity has not stopped short; it never will while America maintains its ideals. But the *will* to give in thousands, coupled with the *power* to give only in hundreds or less, cannot ease a situation that requires billions! Government alone cannot carry the burden, private charity is breaking under its load, and *something has to be done.*

One of the most logical solutions of the problem is the legalization of lotteries.

This would likewise do away with the hypocrisy which every one of us knows to exist. Our laws forbid trafficking in games of chance, and our people do it anyway!

Further, legalized lotteries would help to do away with the racket of fraudulent sweepstakes tickets.

Yet there is still a small proportion of public opinion which opposes them. The greatest argument that some people have against lotteries is that as a form of "gambling" they are fundamentally wicked and likely to corrupt character. Personally, I do not feel that the spending of a dollar in a charitable cause, even if it may win you a prize, can be classed under the strict heading of gambling. The viciousness of gambling derives from more than the "taking of a chance." It centers in two other considerations. One is the stigma of *dishonesty;* many games of chance have been fraudulently conducted. The other is the fear that games of chance induce the citizen to part with more money than he can afford.

The gentle old lady who takes a ten-cent chance on a raffle for the benefit of church charities, or the little child who eagerly holds out his nickel in order to plunge his hand into the school grab bag, can hardly be called gamblers in the vicious sense!

Again, there is objection to the idea of "getting something for nothing." This is certainly not the determining factor in the proposed charitable lotteries. Here the idea is to raise money for an eminently worthy cause, and the prizes are offered as a means of stimulating interest—quite like the prizes at a private bridge party. The outlay involved is small, and the people who lose have contributed to an eminently worthy cause.

In 1612 the Colony of Virginia financed itself by means of a lottery. In 1712 the city of Philadelphia built its schools with funds raised by a lottery. In 1750 Yale College erected needed buildings by means of a lottery. In 1772 Harvard University financed itself with a lottery. In 1776 the Continental Congress raised funds for the Revolutionary War by means of a lottery. In 1795 the City of Washington operated a lottery to raise the funds for public improvements. In 1812 the Federal Congress authorized lotteries for public works. In 1820 the Virginia Legislature authorized them for the financing of public projects.

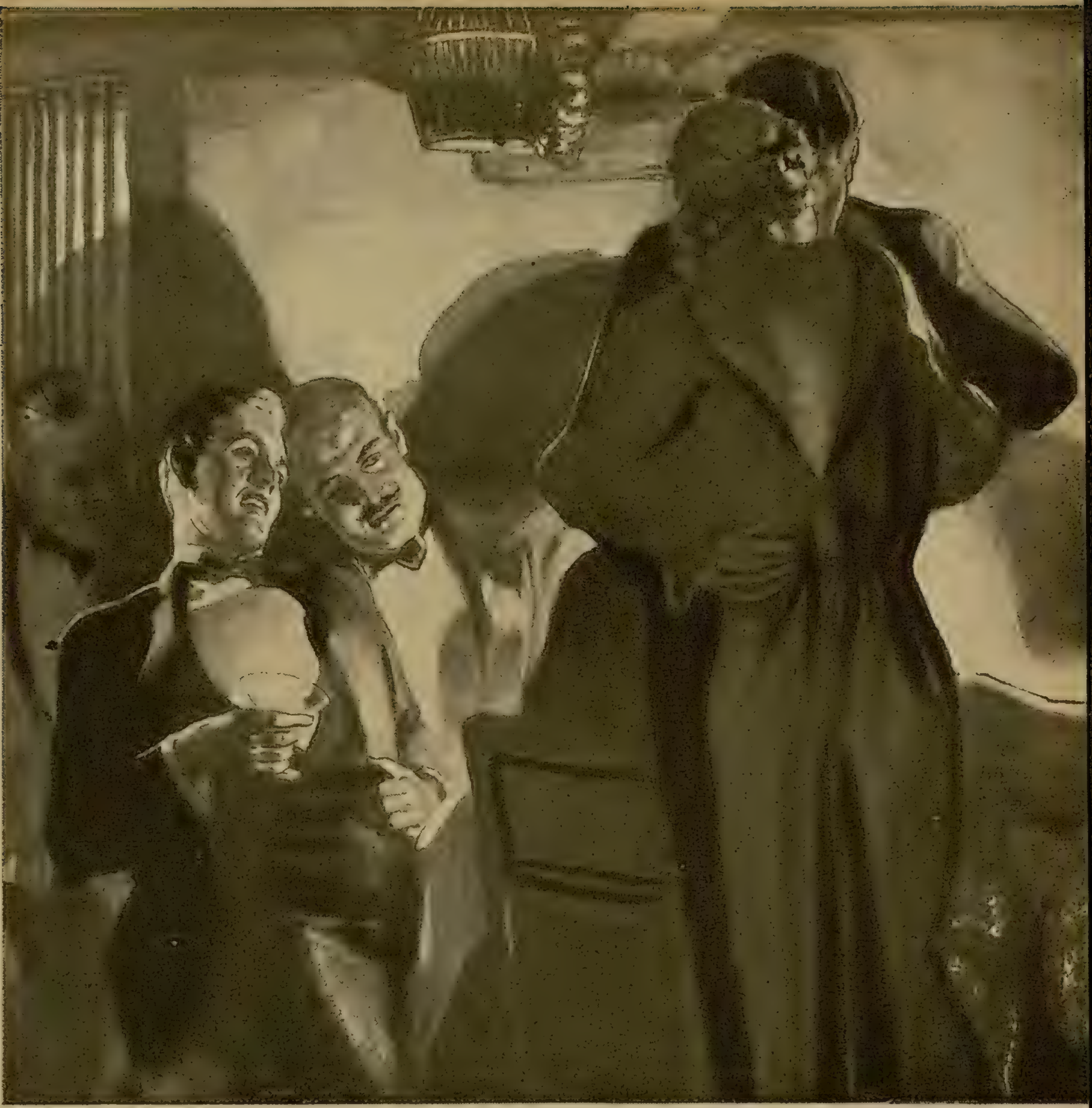
An accurate study of these lotteries shows *not one single instance* of demoralization or injury to the people of the young republic. It is known that both Washington and Jefferson approved lotteries.

Many people will point to the famous Louisiana Lottery as one that fell woefully short of its goal. The Louisiana Lottery degenerated into a political racket and had to be stopped. I should be the first to oppose similar rackets. But we cannot conclude that *all* lotteries must be dishonestly run.

Our plan is not to put our government directly into the lottery business, but to have the lotteries under government control, through a commission, federally appointed, of citizens of unquestionable character. Our task now is to carry this plan to the state legislatures. In Maine a lottery bill has been passed by both legislative houses and is awaiting a referendum. A similar bill is now pending action in New York State. And other measures are coming up in other states. And, by a vast majority, the people are with us!

Why not legalize a lottery to bring relief, do away with fraud, and end hypocrisy? It is for YOU to say!

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY
EDGAR McGRAW

READING TIME
31 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SO VERY

A SEARCHING STORY OF WHAT MAY BEFALL

by JOSEPH HE

LOOSELY clasping strong fingers on a knee in gray flannel hung over his other knee, Asa Brandan watched with fixed determination his father, Olin Brandan, and Tilly Ellet, his married sister. They were seated in the tapestry room of the Brandan house at Southport on Long Island; it was called that because the walls were covered by the celebrated Modena tapestries of Jerusalem Delivered. Behind Asa's father Rinaldo d'Este, a century almost before his time, was rescuing the Christian knights from Armida's enchanted gardens in Damascus; and it occurred to Asa Brandan that if he successfully rescued any one from the crime of capitalism it would not be for the sentimental luxury in the subsequent panels. Far different, he was the herald of a new, a rather pitiless world of intellectual, liberating youth. Anyhow, the tapestries were silly. What made it worse at this particular moment in economic history, was the fact that his father had paid nearly two million dollars for them.

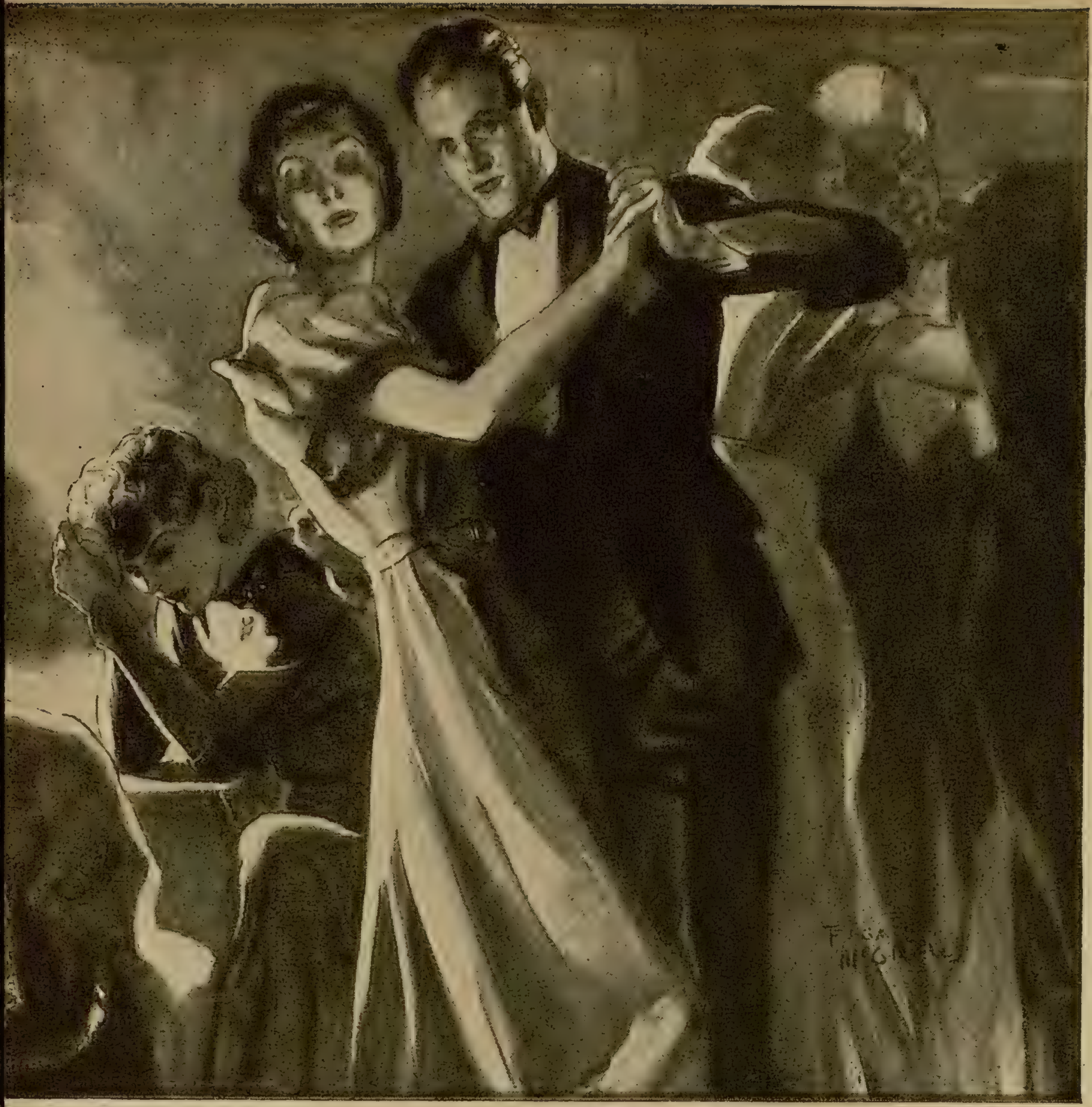
"If you ask me," Tilly said crisply, "I think it's chichi."

Since the mother's divorce and marriage to young Colonel Houghton in England, five years before, Tilly had made herself responsible for the Brandan household. Olin Brandan, a small, physically fine man finely clothed, sat gazing with an almost humorous perplexity at the broad sheet of a letter in his hand. At last he turned to his son.

"Who is this Lambert Pillans?" he demanded.

"It isn't easy to explain," Asa replied. "You see, sir, he stands for more, really, than himself. His father is a printer in Brooklyn. Lambert Pillans is important for what he represents in the coming social change—absolute justice; a just distribution of profit; a youth movement, like I said, to equalize capital and wages."

"That has not, not quite, explained why, when this Pillans was expelled from your college, you made an inexcusable speech to members of the faculty and left."



Lucy had returned to the dancing, the late suppers at the Sicilian Vespers.

YOUNG

WHEN LIFE COMES TO GRIPS WITH DREAMS

RGESHEIMER

Olin Brandan spoke with a faint degree of impatience.

"I couldn't stay after they threw Lambert Pillans out," Asa declared; "my right to think would have perished. All he did was picket a wretched factory that had refused collective bargaining. He didn't know there would be a fire. It wasn't Lambert who shot the company detective. He's not a leftist."

"Just a nice little whitewashed picket," Tilly observed.

"The president is very reasonable about all this," Olin Brandan continued; "he even suggests your coming back next year."

"Why not?" Asa pointed out. "Think what you are giving them—paying off debts and a laboratory."

"At least one thing is clear," the older man asserted: "your sense of what you call justice may have improved but your manners are worse. I detest people who cannot be polite."

"I detest people who have to be polite," Asa replied with a surprising boldness. "You won't be impersonal," he proceeded earnestly. "If you see things personally it's not a good sign. We ought to discuss principles and nothing else. Collective bargaining is a principle. That's all Lambert Pillans thinks about. I wish you'd really listen to me, sir. We can't be individuals any more. It isn't possible, now, to put labor in one bracket and profit in another. The workers, who produce wealth, must share the wealth they produce. The stock company supporting idle thousands, corporations, holding companies belong to the past. Interest will have to be revised, banks regulated, and the gold standard, tariffs put out of business."

"Gracious!" Tilly Ellet exclaimed.

"That is fairly comprehensive," Olin Brandan admitted. "Tariff alone is difficult enough. How far, for example, does it protect national industry? When has it become a burden on the consumer? How does a tariff affect the balance between exports and imports? I imagine you're in favor of balancing them. You realize, of course, the difference between national and international payments. That's part of it, and gold is part of it too. I don't have to remind you of Gresham's Law. If you understood all that you'd still get no good of it because you're ignorant about life. Life is made out of men and women, not figures. What is it you want to do, Asa?" Olin Brandan abruptly demanded.

"I'm not clear about that yet," Asa confessed; "I suppose, after what you said, I ought to go somewhere and think. Nothing's been changed in me though. Lambert Pillans, Henry Mandel are right. The individual as such is extinct."

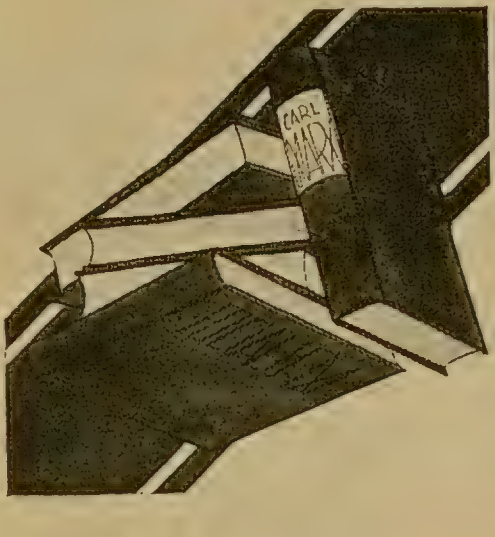
"Henry Mandel," Asa's father repeated. "Is he connected, by any chance, with Abraham Mandel and Company? Those bankers, to say the least, are individual. Lambert Pillans, I hope, would call them antisocial."

"Yes," Asa acknowledged; "he's Abraham Mandel's grandson. But after he graduated, with honors, he wouldn't even live at home. Henry Mandel's existence is labor and the social revolution; he paid for Lambert's last year in college; it wouldn't surprise me if he became the power behind the youth movement of America."

"What do you want to do?" Olin Brandan repeated.

"I thought a little about travel," Asa replied. "The trouble with that is it would take me away from the immediate organization, the workers, here. I want to help with them. Perhaps if I lived a while in New York, and saw people different from the ones around home, it would help what you call my ignorance of life."

"In a few weeks now," Asa's father said, "you will be twenty-one, and I have no wish to impose my own conclusions on you. A common failing, I believe, in parents. Let me know how much money you'll need—don't take a great deal or too little—and no obstacle will be put in your way. I was going to warn you it would be difficult, impossible, really, to get away from who you are. That is, from me. It will handicap your investigations. Who you are might even be dangerous. Remember, in spite of your abstract views, that gold has a human, a secret and corrupting quality. The hell is there—money can't be regarded impersonally. It's a force, like hunger or greed. Damn it, Asa, gold is a fever with no immunity, no escape but the persistence of character. You will discover a great deal, but not, I have an idea, what you had hoped to find out."



"Would a hundred dollars a week, do you think, be too much?" Asa Brandan asked diffidently.

"That was the amount I had fixed on to suggest," the elder Brandan acknowledged.

"Now, since you'll be old enough, you can live at the Racquet Club," Tilly Ellet told her brother.

Asa ignored her utter lack of comprehension. "Thank you, father," he said. His family had already vanished from consideration before a freedom, the impetus and movement of youth, reaching to the glorious dawn of a perfected social justice.

SETTLED in a modest hotel, the Lutetia, on Forty-sixth Street immediately east of Broadway, Asa Brandan undertook no effort at first to reorganize the world. Anonymous and free, he walked over the crowded city streets in the evening with the feeling that now his very insignificance made him—part of the mass of humanity—significant. He read, finally in bed at night, after breakfast, Mr. Wells's Autobiography, and Karl Marx, translated into English.

The Lutetia was mostly resorted to by people—family groups and solitary women—from the South. Asa Brandan regarded them—examples, perhaps, of the worst sentimental tradition life had assumed—with a remote disdain.

A week of this suspended being drew into a month. Suddenly Asa was shocked by his indolence and neglect of the imminent determination and force, even violence, implied by any youth movement; and he turned to the telephone book for Henry Mandel's address. It was on Fifty-ninth Street. Henry himself answered; evidently he was highly pleased to hear Asa Brandan's voice; and late of the afternoon Asa, bareheaded and walking with his gaze, his mind in the clouds, turned away from Central Park toward Henry's apartment.

It was on the top floor of a modern building, elaborately extreme: the drawing room had walls painted in vermilion; on the floor was a blue chenille carpet; sofas and chairs, low, deep, and amazingly restful, were covered with soft white leather. A great many low tables held crystal and silver boxes for cigarettes and trays, bouquets of silver and crystal flowers, copper foliage, and a great many highballs at the elbows of an unexpected number of totally different young girls and men. He was, Asa recognized happily, at the very heart of the youth movement.

Henry Mandel, if anything, was too cordial; Lambert Pillans, who was talking, took no notice of Asa at all.

"The spread between wages and capital," Lambert pronounced, "by itself shows the crime of class monopoly. Things in the world today have changed. We can't be individuals any more. The time for that has gone. It's not possible, now, to put labor in one bracket and profits in another. The workers, who produce wealth, must own the wealth they produce. The youth of America, boring from within, must put the gold standard, national barriers out of existence."

A GIRL carrying a gin-and-water came up to Asa with Henry Mandel. "This is Carisa Raphael," Henry explained; "get her to talk to you; you'll like it."

"I don't want to talk to him," Carisa Raphael complained; "he looks stupid and might be an advertisement for college pants. Take me back where we were; you know, Henry, I only go for big money; that's why I come here."

"Wait," Henry Mandel advised her; "it's all a question of our old gentlemen. Did you hear me say this was Asa Brandan? Well, his old gentleman, his father, is Olin Brandan."

Carisa Raphael sat down hastily. "Actually," she said to Asa, her face very close to his, "you're the best-looking number I've seen since pictures talked. Tell me truthfully, are you Mrs. Ashdon Ellet's brother? The most divine clothes in all the world. Why haven't I seen you here before? Have you been here before? I wish that damn Pillans would shut up. I'd like to know where he found out about work."

Asa, overcome by annoyance at Henry Mandel, said nothing. His face was occupied by a heavy frown. The girl, he mechanically saw, was better than good-looking; it was a question if her figure avoided the sensational; her own clothes were simple and right. She bore a vague, expensive perfume, and had a diamond ring hardly less impressive than one of Tilly's.

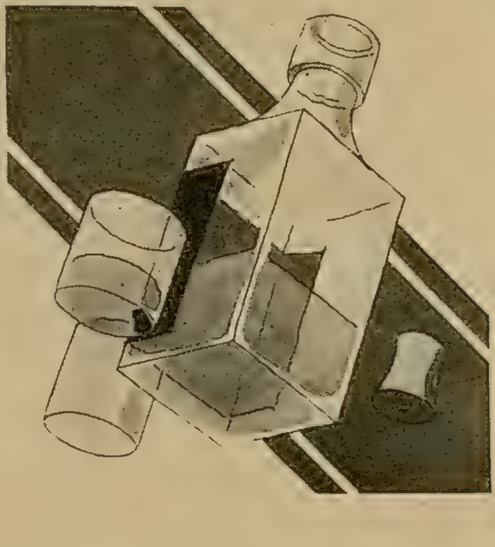
She worked, Asa discovered—mostly, it became evident, at hours of her own—in the Mantua, a shop that specialized in the fine details of women's dress. Carisa liked gin and champagne in tall glasses with fresh mint and ice, the Atlantic Beach Club, Elisabeth Bergner on the stage—she had seen her in London; and, Asa realized, at all times she behaved carefully. She called across the room, bringing up for her support a very different girl. Lucy Hodder was taller than not, all but thin, and, Asa Brandan began by thinking, with a face downright unattractive. She owned, however, he quickly found out, an odd vitality, an intensity approaching bitterness, that captured and held his attention.

"Lambert Pillans told me about your leaving college when he was expelled," Lucy informed him. "You couldn't, I think, have avoided it. Lambert is marvelous. That's Wilford Ricketson talking to him now. He's a Communist. An International. Lambert, he says, doesn't go far enough. He's doubtful about the revolution. Wilford just laughs at boring from within. The Communists, Wilford Ricketson says, refuse to be worms. Isn't that marvelous? Do you think he's right?"

"No," Asa Brandan told her; "we must move nationally before there is any hope of international solidity." He was happy that he could quote Marx directly. Lucy Hodder sat on a great white-leather cushion beside his knees. His interest in her deepened; they each drank another, and then a third, highball. Carisa had returned to Henry Mandel long ago.

It was dark outside. Silver-and-crystal, black-and-silver lamps made a diffused illumination. Lucy Hodder, he had discovered, went late in the evening to a café called the Sicilian Vespers. She danced there—with boys she liked—and had whatever she wanted to eat and drink. Sometimes the proprietor, Joseph Scaligari, gave her money. It was in every way a proper place and preoccupation, Lucy explained to him.

"Mr. Scaligari is a big man," she proceeded; "he has a great many interests. The Mantua, where Carisa Raphael works, belongs to him. Carisa took me to the Sicilian Vespers. She's been good to me beyond words. I have no one else," Lucy said; "I come from poor, common people. My father was a drayman in East St. Louis. He's dead now because he wouldn't agree to a benefit assessment on his wages. When it was over, and we got a little money outside court, the lawyer who saw us admitted father was worse beaten than anybody meant." This, Asa Brandan told himself, absorbed, was reality at last.



In Asa Brandan's room at the Lutetia, long past dusk of the day that marked the completion of his twenty-first year, Wilford Ricketson, seated beyond a table, a bottle of slivovitz and glasses, was talking in his high-pitched hurried voice.

"Russia has betrayed the party," Wilford cried; "its nationalistic, commercial monopoly is no better than British capitalism! I renounce the Soviets faithless to the doctrine of Trotsky and the heroic spadework of the October revolution."

LAMBERT PILLANS, standing dramatically in the doorway, exclaimed, "What about the crime, the spread between wages and profit, in America?" He sat down, in his hat and badly worn overcoat, half filling a small glass with colorless liquid from the bottle. "Look here," he pointedly addressed Asa, "there has been enough, too much, talk; the time for action has come."

"Good," Asa Brandan said; "I'm for that."

Wilford Ricketson laughed satirically.

"The youth movement, now, must materialize," Lambert announced. "The United States, the profit system, has got to feel and acknowledge our power." He drank. "It will need money," Lambert Pillans added. A frown gathered on Asa's brow. "This, brothers," Lambert swept on, "is our immediate purpose. We must select the principal newspaper of ten locally dominant cities and in each one print our manifesto, our warning to privilege. We will appeal to the youth of all parties, boring from within, and in that candid way shake down the pillars of capital. What we have to say will go out in the form of a paid advertisement. Henry Mandel promised five hundred dollars for my—for this—purpose."

A prolonged silence followed, through which Asa looked attentively at the floor. Then, his manner abstracted, he drank some slivovitz. "Well?" he demanded at last, allowing his gaze to rest on Lambert—"well, what of it?"

"This," Lambert replied, almost heatedly: "You belong to one of the richest families there is; you are heart and mind, you say, with the youth movement. That's what of it." His attitude was hysterically rigid.

"I've told you a dozen times how much and all I have," Asa reminded him. "It is a hundred dollars a week, and I as good as agreed not to ask for more. You can have a hundred dollars—that's the best I can manage."

"He promised his papa," Wilford the Communist told them.

"You're right," Asa agreed. "How would it be if I smacked you in the nose?"

Wilford Ricketson rose and, his face blanched with resentment, stood before Asa. "Smack me!" he cried. "You lousy bourgeois, you dumb bully! I couldn't stop it; I've been smacked before."

"What you mean," Lucy Hodder explained, appearing among them, "is behind. You are all jumbled," she declared generally. "What kind of birthday party is this?" She went to Asa's closet and, returning with a bottle of gin, telephoned the room service for ice and lemons. Slivovitz," she asserted, "is silly. This youth movement, if it's nothing else, is plenty young."

Peace was once more obtained. Passing Asa, Lucy Hodder lightly rested a hand on his shoulder. He smiled up into her intense face. Lucy had, he realized, except for his supreme purpose, become the most vivid and important quality in his life; he saw her every day; any hour from early evening to past midnight they had dinner together.

WHILE Lucy, he could plainly see, was puzzled by his attitude toward her, remaining, without direct comment, skeptical of its continuation, she showed her gratitude for that calmly affectionate relationship. They never, Asa Brandan reflected, indulged in any extravagant phrases or demands. He thought about this, slowly engaged in the simple expedient of getting ready for dinner. Although dinner was to be an especial occasion—a celebration at the Sicilian Vespers of Asa's majority, given by Henry Mandel—all he did was to add a necktie to his informal attire. Lucy, with the need of more elaborate preparation, Wilford Ricketson, and Lambert had gone. Wilford had been unusually tiresome; but he, Asa, was an ill-mannered, yes—a cowardly swine. He would apologize fully and at once.

Life had treated Wilford Ricketson with horrible unfairness; the intensity of his feelings and mind were not fitted to his meager body; his body could not meet the physical ills, the strain of poverty. It had been worse, if anything, where Lucy Hodder was concerned.

Asa finished the slivovitz in his glass, smiling at what she had said about it. He owned an immense, a transcendent, fondness for her. She represented, in her thinness and magnetic face, the injustice he longed with every nerve and instinct to end. Asa wanted, humbly, to repay her lonely days and undeserved suffering; return to her the faith, the spiritual confidence, taken away by the brutality of her father's death. A way existed that, at least, could give her all the support and understanding he possessed—he would offer to marry Lucy Hodder.

Asa stood with his hands clasped, his head raised, and his eyes closed in a mystical rapture, when, following a knocking on his door, Henry Mandel, elaborately clothed with a black tie for evening, stood before him. He had a taxi below, Henry explained; the girls, Carisa Raphael and Lucy, were in it. . . .

When, the morning following his marriage to Lucy, Asa left his father's office in the elevator private to that service, he was conscious of a faintly stirred, indefinite annoyance. Olin Brandan's attitude, his son was obliged to admit, apparently had been exactly right—a careful attention without conventional, bourgeois sentimentality or any effort at interference. He asked briefly about the wedding—it had been a civil ceremony—and referred Asa to the Brandan confidential agent, Roger Garth, for any practical support he might fall in need of.

At the same time, leaving behind him the granite, solidly old-fashioned mass of the Brandan Building in the city's financial center, Asa rebelled against the older man's air of exact, polite but lofty comprehension. Youth must move forward to its destiny. This feeling, a specific charge against all the elder Brandan represented, frequently occupied his thoughts in the apartment on Nineteenth Street, two blocks east of Fifth Avenue, where with Lucy he had moved. The apartment was the topmost of four high stories; it had no elevator and consequently the rent was modest. There was a sitting room, a bedroom for Lucy and one for himself, and a small kitchen.

They had a servant for breakfast and general morning cleaning; more than that—when the weather or their disposition kept them in from the small variety of restaurants that provided lunch and dinner—Lucy attended to. Asa soon discovered that she had little interest in food or skill at cooking. It pleased Asa, actually, to find that she was not a domestic woman. The time for domesticity, too, he reflected, had gone for women; they were not less independent than men. Love, in the past a woman's whole career and economic being, was now scarcely more than incidental. The yoke of a servile marriage, he told himself oratorically, had been cast from Lucy's shoulders.

Every afternoon, in the early winter dusk, the youth movement assembled, drank and talked on Nineteenth Street—Lambert Pillans, Ricketson, Henry Mandel, Carisa Raphael, purely, Asa was afraid, ornamentally; and more unfamiliar representatives, principally masculine, of the left front.

It was immensely impressive, deeply satisfying to Asa Brandan; by comparison all of his life that had gone before was no better than an empty and meaningless form. When, consequently, his sister Tilly finally appeared, fortunately early of the afternoon, Asa sat silently, watching her with a remote, unsympathetic manner. Tilly Ellet was extraordinarily cordial to Lucy. She must, Tilly insisted, make Asa bring her to Palm Beach, with the family, after the first of the year; they were silly, Asa and Lucy, not to have gone to Paris, the huge Brandan house, empty but for servants, on the Rue de Penthievre. Suddenly Tilly's enthusiasm waned; it vanished, Asa thought, like the bubbles in false champagne. Gathering about her a chinchilla wrap, vaguely referring to the frightful temper of a hairdresser named Jarcot, Tilly hurriedly departed.

"It would be nice to get drunk," Lucy said.

"Whatever you like," Asa Brandan told her.

"It's a pity," she went on, "that you married me instead of Carisa; she would have been so hysterical about your sister's clothes."

Asa made no reply to that; there were moments when Lucy completely evaded his comprehension. Nothing that he could discover or invent interested her, held her attention beyond a passing moment. Where it concerned him, on the diffident appearance of a natural emotion, the only word that described Lucy was listless. None of that, however, troubled him; in a way it, too, was amusing; their marriage was an independent union, sociological rather than social.

He reached that opinion climbing the long flights of steps to his apartment with a heavy package of books. Absorbed by thought, he laid the books on the table in the narrow hall, he hung his coat—Asa had discarded all hats—in a shallow closet, and walked into the sitting room before he realized that a man, young and strange to him, was utterly absorbing Lucy's attention. She rose quickly with a confused air and speech.

"Oh, Asa," she half exclaimed, slowly regaining her customary metallic detachment, "you're back soon! This is Calude," she hesitated infinitesimally; "he's my brother. That is, he married my sister Maralene. They went to live in Kansas City and I haven't seen them for three years. Now Maralene has left him, Calude says. He's searched, he's searching, everywhere for her. Calude, different from us, is romantic."

Asa shook hands with Calude, who was small, slender, extremely quick in movement, and compact. He had black hair that might have been ironed to his small round skull, black eyes in a dark face, and he was dressed with a meticulous care. A diamond glittered on a little finger. He was, with a faintly hoarse voice, notably — romantically — polite. He had not known before reaching New York the night before that Lucy was married.

"It was coming to her," Calude asserted. "She did her best, Lucy did, when the old man got his, to keep the family together. She worked overtime and then some, bringing every dollar home. Well, that's all over now and she has millions. Mrs. Asa Brandan. What the hell do you think of that?"

"I hope she doesn't think too much about it," Asa addressed both his wife and Calude; "you can see, if you look around, that the millions are far away." They consumed highballs; cigarette ends filled all the available ash trays.

"If you think I'm an Eyetalian, think again," Calude said to Asa; "a Mexican mother is the answer to what you see. She was born in Guadalajara, where girls are beautiful; she was the most beautiful there was. My father was a mining gentleman. Some strike it rich and some don't," he declared moodily. "Lucy says you're in favor of the workman, and everybody to share the same. But you want to give that up. It's bull. Some have it and the rest will never get it. You can't even give it to them. Take a workman—there's nothing to him. What does he start? Or finish? I'll tell you: a pair of pants, a rivet, coffin lids. That's sweet if you say it quick."

Asa Brandan suddenly smiled. A tense, instant silence filled the room. "Why do I get the laugh?" Calude asked, in a voice wholly and unexpectedly soft.

"I thought, just then, how much you and my father are alike," Asa explained calmly. "You are both, of course, very romantic capitalists."

Following the appearance of Calude there was a marked change in Lucy. She lost her listless manner, Asa thought, for an imperfectly concealed and growing resentment; although what, so quickly, she had come to resent he could not imagine. There was, for example, no change in him.

One new aspect both surprised and amused Asa—Lucy began to bother about her looks; a development with no trace at all in his past knowledge of her. Pots of scented creams, ornamental and expensive, bottles of lotions appeared in the bathroom. She bought, in a week, three new dresses, and was discontented, sharp, about the cheapness of them all.

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan

MOST HAWKS are not harmful. Only a few species of hawk will attack poultry or wild birds, unless driven by hunger. The majority of hawks inhabiting the United States are really beneficial to the farmer, feeding mainly on small mammals and insects which destroy crops.

FISH is not "brain food." The digestion of fish requires comparatively little effort as compared to some other foods, and may thus relieve the body of labor and conserve energy needed for brainwork. However, fish has no more nutrition for the brain than any other food.

CATGUT does not come from cats. Catgut is prepared mostly from the intestines of sheep, sometimes from those of the horse, mule, or ass. Those of a cat are never used. It is likely that this idea originated from the word itself. Catgut is used to a great extent for violin strings, and the word evolved from "kitgut," in which "kit" referred to a fiddle or violin, not to a cat or kitten.

DAYLIGHT SAVING is not a new idea. Benjamin Franklin suggested this idea in a rather humorous article published in the Paris Journal in 1784. The principle of daylight saving has, of course, been practiced through many ages by the farmers of all lands who rise with the sun—making all possible use of daylight.

DRAGON'S BLOOD is not made from the blood of any animal. It is a red-colored resin obtained from several species of plants, and is used for coloring varnishes, lacquers, inks, etc.

Lucy had, now, returned to the dancing, the late suppers at the Sicilian Vespers. She could not, she told Asa, sleep; anyhow, there was excitement, something to see other than the dull companionship of the youth movement, in the café. It was, Asa had told her, a splendid idea. He spent the evenings, the nights, reading the works of modern Socialists, and, long past midnight, went to the Sicilian Vespers for Lucy. He invariably found her, in the café, sitting at a table with various girls who seemed to manage their apparent resources very well indeed; Calude; a silent young man with a scarred face and exaggerated dinner coat named George Nettle; a third and younger man, Kelby Dawkins, awkwardly tall, lank, and familiar to Oklahoma. When Carisa Raphael was present Joseph Scaligari, the big man, appeared and there was free champagne.

Asa, late of an evening no different from those that had preceded it, left his coat and muffler with the check girl at the Sicilian Vespers and crossed the narrow dancing floor to a table beside the orchestra and Lucy. She was talking in an intent, confidential voice to Carisa Raphael and failed to look up or acknowledge his arrival. Joseph Scaligari, however, politely shook hands.

Something, Asa recognized, was wrong. George Nettle, a frown cutting across his brief forehead, was opening and sharply closing a thin gold cigarette case. Kelby Dawkins, lounging with a concave body over his glass, stared at nothing, his crooked mouth pinched. Calude drank uncertainly; putting down his glass, he nearly missed the table. Asa Brandan, not exactly understanding how it had occurred, found himself dancing with Carisa.

"No matter what happens tonight, pay no attention to it," she told him urgently.

"Why should I?" he asked reasonably; "it couldn't possibly concern me. Calude's had more than a glass."

"The damned fool!" she exclaimed viciously. "You're another," she went on. "You don't know anything y ought to know. Why couldn't you have stayed where yo belonged? What right have you got upsetting people's lives with your wealth?"

"You said once my ideas, our marriage were marvelous for Lucy."

"I was crazy," she asserted. "Remember what I just told you, be careful; take Lucy home soon as possible; and when she gets there, show some sense; beat the hell out of her."

Back at the table, Asa, increasingly aware of hidden explosive pressures around him, listened with a blank face to Calude, who maintained a long, rambling, and ill-natured monologue.

"Anybody who thinks I'm Eyetalian can think again," he repeated; "I'm a Mexican, like my mother. To hell with Eyetalians who run hideouts for mobs. I don't need protection. I can protect myself and what belongs to me."

"Certainly," Joseph Scaligari said smoothly; "certainly."

"I might act one way today and different tomorrow," Calude proceeded; "now I wouldn't want a thing, then again I would. Nobody can stop that. Mob or man."

"You stop him, Lucy," Carisa spoke imploringly.

Lucy began to cry.

"Here," Asa Brandan put in; "we're going to go home."

Calude laughed at him; Kelby Dawkins spoke with an unexpected energy. "I'm tired of this," he declared; "I don't know about you folks, but I've heard plenty from a Mexican greaser."

"I've heard too much from you, too," Scaligari said to Kelby Dawkins. "You ought to remember Calude's had a lot of champagne. In a way I'm sympathetic with him. Things have turned out bad for Calude. You don't want to use words like you used either, Kelby. Such as greaser. Somebody might take you serious. I wouldn't be the one

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

was born in 1880 and in early life started to be a painter. Convinced he could never be a great artist, he embraced the profession of writing. He wrote for fourteen years before he sold his first novel in 1914, but since then his books have followed one another at regular intervals. He is famous for his knowledge of antique furniture, porcelain, and glass.

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blame Calude if he did. The rule here, in the Sicilian Vespers, is politeness."

Carisa Raphael leaned sharply across the table. "Scaligari," she said, "look at me."

"Sure, I'll look at you," he replied lightly; "ain't I usually looking at you? They don't come any more beautiful, I'll go for that, in Guadalajara."

"He's been drinking, Scaligari," she swept on; "you said so yourself. You know how it is—you admitted that too—when you're unhappy. Let me talk to Calude; I can bring him around."

"He might bring you around," Joseph Scaligari answered and laughed. "You are safer beside old Scaligari. Papa Scaligari," he added benevolently.

"Look at me," she reiterated.

"Why not?" he asked, gazing at her blandly.

"We'll go now," Asa said more firmly to his wife.

She regarded him with dull eyes that might have been blind. She was incapable, apparently, of movement. A deep annoyance at last possessed Asa Brandan.

"You are worse than idiotic," he said generally; "you are, all of you, exhausting. Ridiculous. If you come to my apartment again, Calude," he added specifically, "you'll get thrown out. I am not frightfully sentimental about family rights and attachments."

Joseph Scaligari nodded at Kelby Dawkins and, to Asa's further amazement, Carisa crossed herself. Dawkins rose deliberately. "Well, I'm moving," he said casually. "You better come along, Calude. The night air will cure those Rio Grande blues."

"That's right," George Nettle agreed, rising.

Calude mechanically stood up. He looked slowly from face to face; his dark lips moved but no sound was audible. Dawkins took him by an arm, and with George Nettle they vanished through the door to the cloakroom and street.

Joseph Scaligari whistled melodiously under his breath. He ordered a bottle of champagne. Carisa sighed and brushed her fingers across her face. She would, Carisa informed Asa Brandan, take Lucy home with her for the night; the both of them were sick to death of men.

It was late the following day when Asa Brandan rose, possessed by a darkness of spirit, a formless oppression, lingering into wakefulness. Lucy's bed had not been occupied. The general maid, bringing Asa his coffee, replied to an inquiry that no message had come from Mrs. Brandan. This, he recalled, was Sunday.

An unwelcome change, Asa Brandan realized, had overtaken the clear detachment, the purely mental quality of his late satisfactory being; distasteful waves of feeling, childish premonitions and mocking fantastic thoughts swept through Asa, defying his intelligence and will.

The arrival of Henry Mandel and Lambert Pillans surprised him—he had not noticed the early dusk gathering in the room—Wilford Ricketson appeared and Asa left the torrent of argument for the telephone by his bed. There was no answer from Carisa's apartment. It might be that Lucy, with Carisa Raphael, was on her way home. The bell rang from outside—Lucy, however, had a key—and in the sitting room he encountered a tall young man with a composed manner, totally unknown to him.

He was, he said at once, Gosson, Charles Gosson, from the Department of Justice. Asa silently watched him unfold the chamois covering from a small gold shield. There was a momentary pause, abruptly ended by Wilford Ricketson, who melodramatically thrust himself between Asa and the representative of federal justice.

"I'm Wilford Ricketson!" he cried. "The one you want. There's nothing against the rest here. But notice I am not armed."

"That's fortunate," Gosson replied cheerfully; "it's easier on all. The Department, I am afraid, doesn't need you at present. Not today." He disposed of Ricketson with a nod.

"I have a message from Mrs. Brandan," Gosson said, alone with Asa; "from your wife." He hesitated; a frown gathered above his thoughtful gaze. "Kelby Dawkins," he proceeded conversationally, "never was a good bank robber. He's a disgrace to the profession. Kelby always makes some blunder; so when a clumsy job failed in Oklahoma City we thought about him right away. He traveled east with no address, but I picked up his trail, and followed him here. We tagged him, and for a day or two—Kelby had no money—I let him drift. I was curious; it might be useful to see where he turned up; who turned up with him. What I never expected, though, was the appearance of Calude, who belonged strictly in the Mississippi Valley. Calude, I'll ask you to note, was anything but clumsy. A machine, like his gun. I couldn't figure any angle on his connection with Dawkins, George Nettle, and, naturally, Joseph Scaligari."

"Extraordinary," Asa Brandan said offensively.

"Take it easy," Gosson advised him; "you won't notice any improvement. At first, when I saw Calude with the girl you married, I thought that might be the answer. It wasn't. The facts, instead, got so confused I decided to move. But, in a way, I was too late: Calude was found this morning shot to death in a builder's shed on Kingsbridge Road. Nettle and Kelby Dawkins both have alibis, a dozen witnesses, for their movements after escorting Calude, drunk, around Washington Square. I talked to Scaligari, but, as usual, my time was wasted."

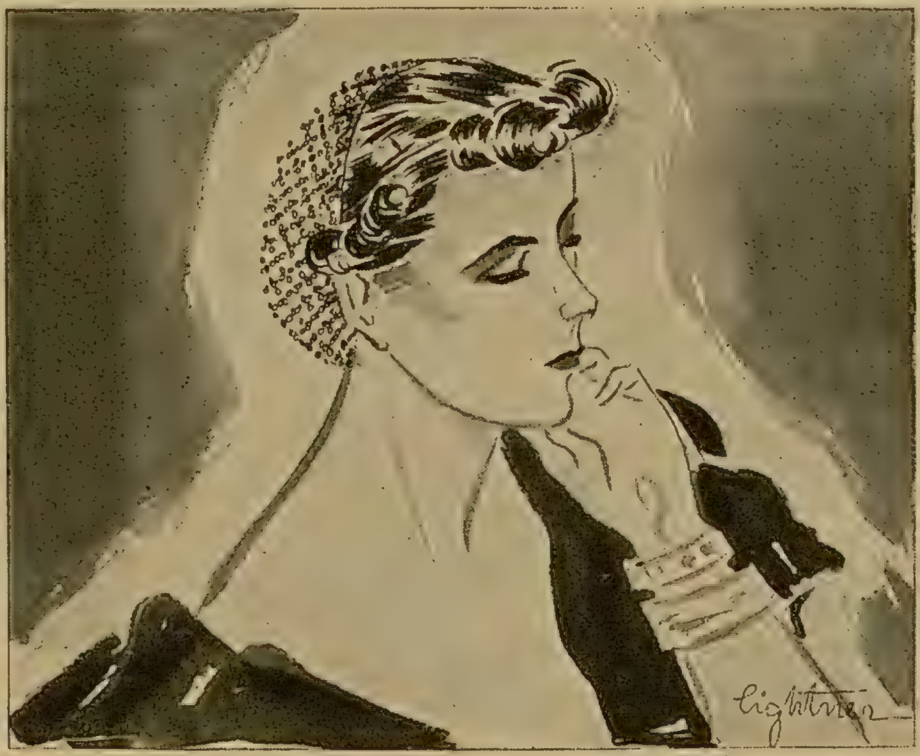
"Your story," Asa informed him, "while exciting, has no point. The point, of course, is Mrs. Brandan. Why did you drag her into it?"

"Mrs. Brandan," Gosson replied in a measured voice, "had been Calude's moll."

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Hair nets, but with what a difference! Schiaparelli, that genius of ideas, has resurrected the mob hair net that your grandmothers used over their chignons from the ears back. And, long-haired or bobbed, they're not only smart as paint but neat no end. In wool yarn or lacquered string they do for skiing or shopping in town under the maddest of hats. Made of chenille, gold cord, or pearls, they'll carry you through any evening. With fur curling round the gold ones they're even suitable for hats. No nightcaps have appeared as yet, but why not? They'd be swell for the waves.

DORAMILLER.



Asa, rigid with anger, half rose from his chair. Then he sank back—his rage had turned into the absolute cold recognition that Charles Gosson had spoken literally. All the mystery, the incomprehensible events last night at the Sicilian Vespers were clear. He had been a blind and utter fool. That, and not Gosson's information, finally possessed and affronted him. Every one at the café table, inevitably, had privately regarded him with contempt.

Lucy's existence before their marriage, Asa told himself, had no bearing on their life together; it was more amusing, obviously, to have been a gun moll than labor in a factory.

He tried in vain to recover his former intellectual calm, but the effort was vain. Lucy's entire existence with him had been a lie. He recalled, humiliated, the pots of perfumed cream, the extravagant lotions that had appeared with the appearance in New York of Calude.

"I HAD begun, of course, at the wrong end," Gosson acknowledged; "all the facts were backward. The main thing—you must see that—was the Italian, with Dawkins no more than accidental. It was a strange situation, perhaps unique, and required a mind, a knowledge of his world like Scaligari's. He recalled, for example, the relationship between Lucy Hodder and Calude. He brought Calude to New York, and the rest, apparently, was obvious. All set for a hundred, a thousand grand. What, in the phrase at Scotland Yard, tore it was an example of pure irony. That's why I mentioned the difference between Kelby Dawkins and Calude—half of his life (more) was spent in jail; Calude managed, until last night, to evade the heat; but no other killer was so heartless, so automatic. He beat Lucy, when he thought that was over, insensible with the butt of a pistol. The irony, the fatal humor, was this: it wasn't over. Calude was killed by a human, a tender virtue—an impulse of the heart."

"If you don't mind," Asa begged him, "give me Lucy's message. That, at least, ought to make sense. The sentimental part, the irony can go."

"Can they?" Gosson demanded. "Are you certain how, in what way, you'll be affected? Remember Calude, who was a thousand times harder."

"What did Lucy say?" Asa cried at him. "Where is she?"

"Safe, I hope," Gosson seriously replied; "I haven't much faith in that. The big man, Scaligari, won't overlook her talking when Calude was killed. Oh, yes, Lucy's message. It was short, impolite but necessary. She is finished with you. Washed up. Very reasonable, I think, after arranging for your father's murder."

Asa Brandan rose unsteadily; a searing pain, an agony of apprehension, choked the words in his throat. "How would that help Scaligari?" he managed to articulate.

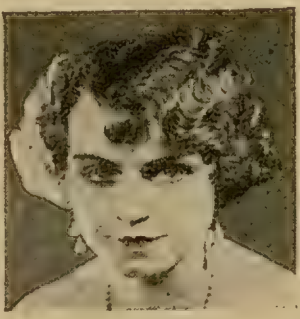
"You are Olin Brandan's heir," Gosson reminded Asa gravely.

"Thank you," the boy said, after a long silence; "I'll try never to forget that again." He turned away, awkwardly hiding the humble tears on his face.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—In what murder mystery was the girl in this photograph involved?

2—What picturesque character in history ruined his career when he criticized a prince's coat?

3—To which European throne is the heir apparent a woman?

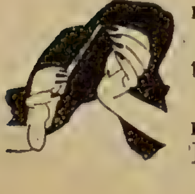
4—What heavyweight champion was cheered to victory by a ringside spectator crying, "Hit him in the slats!"?

5—What articles, always present on American tables, are considered priceless luxuries in distant lands?

6—Who was the Duke of Marmalade?

7—In what way may glass be cut with scissors?

8—How did Frenchmen get the name of "Frogs"?



9—At what rate do fingernails grow?

10—What is the origin of the term "horselaugh"?

11—Which is Tree No. 1, registered with the American Forestry Association as a memorial to an American killed in the World War?

12—What bird did Benjamin Franklin advocate as our national emblem instead of the eagle?

13—Under the old English law, what type of criminal could be put to death only on the seashore between high-tide and low-tide marks?

14—Who invented the "close-up" in motion pictures?

15—Which head of a European government was born in the United States?

16—What common fruit is *always* seedless?

17—What famous screen and stage star is the daughter of a boxer?

18—Where in the New World is there a sunken city, traces of which can still be seen below the waves?

19—What poet laureate of England once was employed in a barroom in New York City?

20—What world champion tennis player died in the World War?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

Johnny Weissmuller
Olive Oil has no equal for soothing an irritated skin!
"Stubby" Kruger
TRAINER OF JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, WORLD'S CHAMPION SWIMMER

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PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

SHIFTING TIDES

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE question I am asked most often when convivial discussion turns footballish is: " What was the matter with Michigan last year? Do you know? "

I do know. I know what was the matter with Michigan, just as I know what was the matter with Southern California, or what was the matter with Georgia Tech in 1929, after it had won the Rose Bowl Championship; or what was the matter with Notre Dame in 1928, the leanest year of Knute Rockne. Or what's the matter with any team that suddenly drops from the heights.

Michigan, undefeated since 1931, winner of two consecutive Big Ten titles, lost three games by the end of October and was definitely out of the running for the conference championship. November was even worse, the Wolverines losing all four games.

Southern California, for the first time in ten years under Howard Harding Jones, lost two games in a row. Prior to last year the Trojans had lost only ten games in seven years, five of them by one point. Altogether last year they lost five games.

Notre Dame in 1928 lost four games, and two of those defeats were totally unexpected. The one by Carnegie Tech, 27 to 7, came while Rockne was sitting in on the Army-Navy game, so sure was he of winning.

Georgia Tech in 1928 wound up its best season, undefeated, with a victory over California in the Rose Bowl. Enthusiasm was running high at Tech. It was in the big time—to stay. Yet in 1929 the Engineers lost to North Carolina, Tulane, Notre Dame, Vanderbilt, Alabama, and Georgia in a nine-game campaign.

Why these cataclysms?

It is my contention that a theory of economics may also be aptly applied to football—namely, that depressions travel in cycles. Lean years follow the years of the harvest in football as well as in finance, and in football, at least, there are reasons.

Michigan, Notre Dame, Southern California, California, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Georgia Tech, Cornell, and dozens of others, all among the football elect, have had their years of the locust, years when the alumni howl, the press sneers, and the public stays away. Then comes the open season for coach hunting, and, the gods willing, perhaps the cycle starts all over again.

Why? Mainly, I believe, for three reasons: material, smugness, and coaching.

The quest for football material is relentless. It goes on all year. For the colleges at the top there must be no letdown. Competition is as keen as among the nations of the world for markets and outlets.

Material, however, does decline, and for no apparent reason. Digging a little deeper, we find that *too much* material has caused the decline. It is entirely disheartening to a sophomore at the big schools to find that there are hundreds of candidates ahead of him. When and how can he get his chance? It seems futile to sit on the bench for three years and then get into a game only by accident. So, scholarships and such things being equal, the young and ambitious football player goes to the smaller school, where he is more certain of making the grade, and in a much shorter time.

Take my own case for example. Michigan always has a wealth of material. There are 300 or more reporting for freshman football the first day. Seventy or more are carried all season on the varsity squad. When I was a sophomore, in 1924, I was the lowest of the lowly substitutes, the seventieth man. I was used as a tackling dummy, I carried the helmets in practice, I sat at the end of the bench and wore a hole through my shell pants. I didn't see how I ever could get my chance and I am frank to say I was discouraged.

We came down to the first big game of the season, with Illinois, after having shellacked Miami 55 to 0, and the Michigan Aggies (later Michigan State) 7 to 0. I got good views of both games from the bench, so, to make sure that I got another at Urbana, I was taken along.

It was that year that Michigan got its first taste of Red Grange. He ran wild against us. He scored four touchdowns in twelve minutes, and when he left the game in the last period Illinois was leading 39 to 14.

Maybe because the coaches decided to start at the end of the bench, I got into the game at halfback for the last five minutes. I never was left out after that. We came back that season to beat Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northwestern, and Ohio State, all in a row.

But it doesn't happen very often that way. In many cases a potentially great player is left on the bench. High-school and prep-school records mean nothing where everybody is an all-state guard, or an all-scholastic tackle, or an all-city quarterback, or an all-something. So the wise youngster, instead of going to Notre Dame or Michigan, or Southern California, goes to Marquette or Michigan State or St. Mary's.

Smugness, our second reason for a depression, comes with internal decay. It is the rise of that feeling of self-satisfaction in a team or in the entire college which prompts it to retain the status quo, to let well enough alone, to follow systems because tradition dictates.

This psychology takes various forms. It may affect the senior on the squad. He loses his zest for the combat. There may be no competition for positions, the senior being given preference simply because he is a senior and a veteran. The team's entire outlook may become one of indifference, of being too certain of victory.

The chief trouble is that football opposition, large and small, is no respecter of tradition. " Little " St. Mary's, going hell-bent for election in recent years, is in there to win and gives not a second thought to the fact that it is playing California, which has been winning all the time.

IT is my belief that last year's unhappy performances of Southern California and Michigan, at least, may be traced directly to this seed of smugness. Michigan's fall from the mighty was certainly not due entirely to lack of material. Michigan had lost great players in the past and still come up with championship teams. The cycle of self-satisfaction, I believe, hit the Wolverines and the will to win lost its luster.

To show further how Michigan had fallen from the ways of foresightedness: Both of the players who had been counted on to bear the brunt of the attack and defense—the star passer and ace kicker—were injured early and passed most of the season in the infirmary. And what use is a system based on " a pass, a punt, and a prayer " without a passer and a punter? After all, you can't pray all the time. This was the first time in many a day that Michigan was caught short in this manner. In the days of Oosterbaan, Kipke, Newman, and myself the key players never passed their Saturdays in the hospital. They were on the field—in the ball game.

This leads us to our third cause—the tendency of coaches to allow their " systems " to grow static, to fail to keep up with the times. Football is a game of constantly shifting values. The ability to change with the times is, I consider, one of the criteria of a great coach. Knute Rockne had such ability. Following the disastrous 1928 campaign, Rockne added and deleted from his system. He added laterals and spinners, up to then new to the Notre Dame attack. The results were immediate. In 1929 the Irish won nine and lost none, and were generally recognized as the national champions.

There is the other side of the picture. Amos Alonzo Stagg was coach at Chicago from 1892 to 1933, forty-one years. Stagg undoubtedly is a great coach. But in the

in FOOTBALL

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

A Famous All-America Star and Coach Looks into the Whys and Wherefores of Some of Those Seemingly Inexplicable Falls from Heights of Gridiron Glory

DRAWING BY STEPHEN GROUT

later years Chicago was inclined toward a static attack and produced nothing in the way of outstanding teams. Stagg went to the College of the Pacific, a small institution, two years ago. Perhaps because of the change, certainly because of a difference in outlook, he is finding success once more, and at an institution which has little in the way of material or of attracting it.

Since 1872 Yale has had forty-five head coaches and every one of these has been a Yale man, ground in the Yale system. There is no doubt that Yale was among the football greats in the earlier years of the game and did produce outstanding coaches then. But ideas spread and are improved upon. Times change. I believe that a little cross-breeding of ideas and systems somewhere down the years would have done much to improve the Blues' football fortunes.

In recent years, of course, Yale has tried the Notre Dame system, introduced there by Adam Walsh. At present its assistant coaches are from such diversified schools of football thought as West Virginia Wesleyan (Earle Neale), Iowa (Denny E. Meyers), and Michigan (Ivan Williamson). But Yale always has returned to its own system after experiments with the new.

The same is or was, until 1935, true of Harvard, which up to last year had had twenty coaches since 1874, all of them Harvard men. Their last unbeaten, untied team was in 1913. Now they have an "outsider"—Dick Harlow. Princeton's case, up to the advent of Herbert Orrin Crisler in 1932, was similar—twelve Princeton coaches since the turn of the century. And in the years just before Crisler came Princeton was not only the doormat of the Big Three but of the general East as well. With Crisler and a new school of thought, the Tigers' football fortunes have risen so high that in 1933 Princeton was undefeated and untied, and it was unquestionably one of the strongest teams in the East last year.

Even Navy and Army have tried coaches other than Navy or Army men, and have improved immeasurably.

Now how is it that colleges not bound by tradition, with little or nothing to attract material, suddenly succeed in climbing the heights? Take a look at some of the colleges which have risen to football prominence in recent years—St. Mary's, Temple, N. Y. U., Manhattan, Duke, Louisiana State, Duquesne, Western Maryland, Marquette, Detroit, Fordham, and even Columbia. Why have they risen? Mainly because they spent money; they got better coaches.

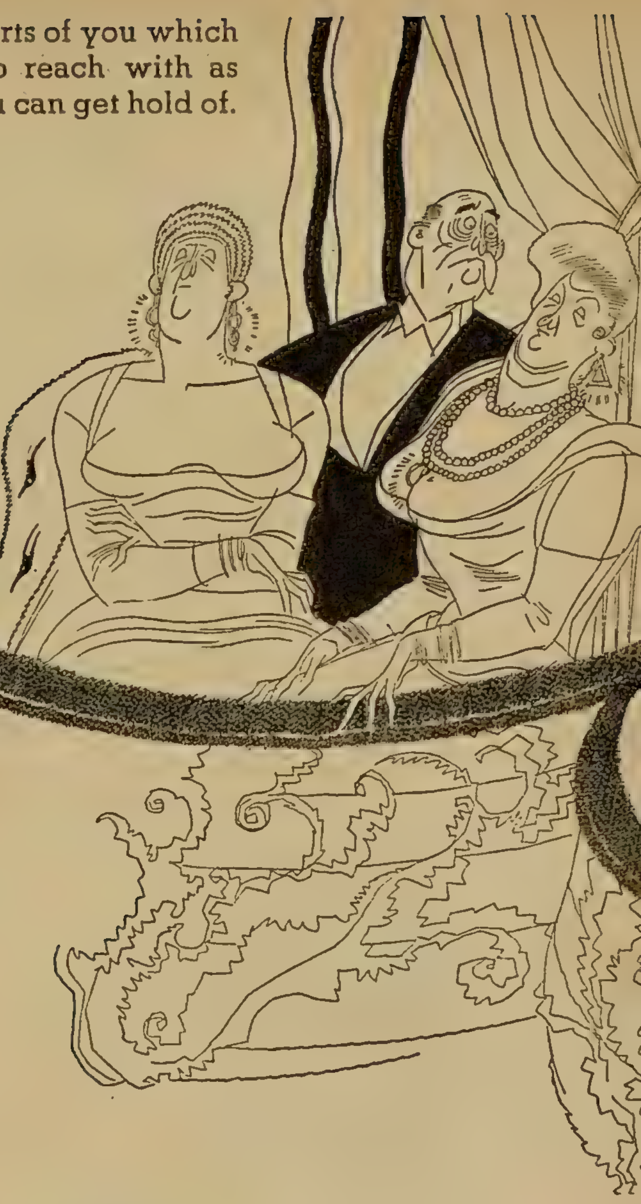
St. Mary's is perhaps an outstanding example. A college of 500 students, its team has become one of the most respected and most colorful in recent years. In 1920 California gave St. Mary's an unholy shellacking, 127 to 0. Then came Slip Madigan. He brought the California score down to 21 to 0 the next year (and was extremely disgruntled about that, too). By 1926 he had succeeded in beating California, 26 to 7, and in recent years the teams have been so even that two games have resulted in ties and two others in one-point victories. Now when St. Mary's comes to New York to play Fordham, it annually attracts the season's largest crowd of enthusiasts.

Temple is another outstanding case. N. Y. U. under Meehan and Manhattan under Meehan were and are equally ambitious. Duke, with money to spend, has spent it. Columbia, tired of being a doormat, goes out and gets itself an outstanding coach.

So it goes and will continue to go.

THE END

A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON *Etiquette*



Cover up those parts of you which your dress fails to reach with as many jewels as you can get hold of.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PROPER CONDUCT AT THE OPERA AND OTHER MINOR RACKETS

THE man who asks you to attend the opera with him is either a foreigner, a great lover of music, or he has had the tickets given to him. And, since you are a girl out to get culture, and anything else you can, it may not be a bad idea to go.

Now is the time for a girl to know her cadenzas, for one false step at the Met and they hiss you.

In dressing for the opera you select your lowest-cut evening dress, so that when you are seated in a box it gives the general impression that you are ready for your bath. However, it is considered fashionable to cover up those parts of you which your dress fails to reach with as many jewels as you can get hold of. Those old pearl beads you wore in that South Sea number will do. And be sure to have some things dangling from your ears.

Most fashionable people use lorgnettes, and it is considered proper to stare through these for as long a time as you like, provided you do not point at the same time.

Be careful about applause. Tenors have a nasty habit of being apparently all through, but just when you have begun to applaud enthusiastically, the old meanies continue to sing as if you weren't even there.

Never, never, never ask what the opera is about. Ten times out of ten it concerns a young man who is madly in love with a fat lady who is supposed to be a young girl. She is poor but honest, and from the looks of her she has no other alternative. He is rich and of royal lineage, and so they cannot get married, or anything. They argue a lot about this, each one trying to drown out the other.

Just when the old girl seems to be winning out, she contracts hasty consumption and leaves the tenor alone, so he goes to it all by himself until a dark-haired woman with a good alto voice appears and says she will fix everything up jake. But she doesn't mean it, because she is the villainess. She makes a few passes at the tenor, but he escapes to meet the soprano in the moonlight.

Just when things are getting hot, the tenor remembers he has to see a man, and off he goes. When he doesn't come back, the soprano tosses off a dose of veronal and pipes down for the first time during the evening. And it's all over, but the shouting. You too may join in this, yelling a polite "Bravo," which means in Italian, "Thank goodness that's over with."

THE LOW-DOWN ON HIGH ART

IT is quite possible that one of these days you are going to find yourself at an art exhibit. Any gentleman who is figuring on buying a Work of Art has got to have what it takes.

Suppose, then, that rich old Mr. Doolittle or Nothing takes you to the art gallery. You will find yourself completely surrounded by what may look to you like the work of a demented kindergarten group. Particularly if the old boy goes in for the modern stuff. Don't try to figure out what these are supposed to represent.

There is an old saying that you get from a picture what you bring to it. Well, you've brought your old millionaire friend, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may get him.

I had a friend once myself who was a Patron of the Arts. There was one picture he showed me which was called An Abstract, and it looked like a bunch of watches that had gone to the laundry and somebody had forgotten to iron them. My friend stared at it for some time and I felt I ought to say something.

"Never mind," I said. "I'll tell you the time if you really want to know. You'll never find out from looking at that."

He looked at me with watery eyes. "You must not jest about it," he chided. "It's fundamental. Don't you see? That's life. Life in the abstract. It's psychological."

"You said it," I replied. He turned a bright smile on me.

"Ah, then, you do see the point," he said in a religious tone. "I am so happy for you."

Well, I was pretty sorry for myself by this time, but I had learned something. When in doubt at an art gallery, you can always say the pictures are psychological. Don't forget that, girls.

My friend went into a frenzy over a little number called

In This Issue, the Opera and Other Minor Rackets..A New Collection of Pearls of Wisdom from One Who Has LIVED and Knows

by DOROTHY DAY

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

Taos in the Moonlight. Well, whoever Taos was, he certainly looked like a mess in the moonlight, I thought. But by being quiet and waiting to see what my friend said, I found out that it wasn't a person at all, but a place where a bunch of artists live. It seems the Color Tones were marvelous, and the Shadows! They all but floored my boyfriend. He liked the High Lights too, and the Feeling. Remember these phrases, girls, and you can't go wrong in an Art gallery.

We finally got out of the place and went to a nice bar where the color tones of the cocktails were something I could appreciate.

BOOKS, LECTURES, AND OTHER PERILS

SOMETHING tells me you are not the type to go in for the bookworm if you see him coming, but supposing one squirms up to you at a cocktail party and starts to discuss the latest best seller?

"Have you seen the latest best seller?" he asks you in a confidential tone.

"Best cellar?" you will doubtless reply in your naïve way. "Where is it and whose is it?" Not that you care much, because now that you can buy the stuff anywhere best cellars are a little out of date. But you may like to know the gentleman who owns one, hence your remark, which, you must see, is not the right answer.

The gentleman will tell you it is in all the bookstores, and eventually you get the idea that he is speaking about a book; and if he is a promising-looking man, it may be worth your while to stick it out, for you never can tell when a deep and lasting friendship may be started.

"I sat up all night last night reading it," he tells you.

And you reply, "That's a coincidence. I sat up all last night myself." So, having something in common, the conversation continues.

Now is the time for you to make character for yourself. You tell him that you are the kind of a girl who would rather be at home among your books than dancing with the Prince of Wales. He loves this and says you simply must read this book and he will lend it to you. This makes a nice opening for you to invite him to your apartment, and the friendship is launched, and where you go from there is up to you.

The type of man who may invite you to a lecture is apt to be long on hair and short on cash, so you wouldn't be interested. But once in a lifetime you may meet a gentleman of wealth and refinement who is interested in this so-called form of entertainment, and it's up to you to grin and bear it.

I once knew a gentleman like this, and when he asked me to attend a lecture with him, I thought I had better go, remembering a saying I had learned in my childhood, that Big Oaks from little acorns grow. It was all about travel in far places, and there were moving pictures of countries I never even heard of, much less was I able to pronounce their names.

But the outcome was very satisfactory because I got so interested in travel that my friend decided a round-the-world trip was the thing for me, and he insisted on being permitted to arrange it for me. Once you start on a trip of this character there is nothing to prevent you from changing your mind and spending the summer in Paris, which is just what I did, and saw things that you'll never see in a lecture room. But we won't go into that here.

It takes all kinds to make a world, as the saying goes, and there are those gentlemen who will want to interest you in Natural History. I met a lovely-looking gentleman once at a party, and we made an engagement for the next day.

"Meet me at the Museum of Natural History, under the Neolithic man," he said. I was inclined to reply that I would do nothing of the kind as it did not sound quite decent to me. And as I detest anything clandestine, I demurred—which is the same as hesitating in a refined way.

"Oh, come on," he said. "What have you got to lose?" And thinking the matter over, I didn't see what could really happen to a girl that she could regret in a museum. So off to the museum I went.

Sure enough, there he was, right under the Neolithic gentleman, who was a very weird-looking person whom I would not care to know. It seems he lived many years ago in what they used to call the Stone Age. I have always been interested in stones, especially diamonds, but he didn't look like that kind of a man to me.

My friend took me for a three-mile romp around that building and I saw more of the human form than you'd think they'd allow in a refined place like a museum.

But, seeing my friend was nuts on the subject, I professed a deep interest, and the more I became interested in these stuffed gentlemen, the more my friend became interested in me. I learned more about life throughout the ages that afternoon than I ever care to listen to again.

However, it all ended up very well for me. I married the man. We have a lovely cave on Park Avenue, and the Stone Age is not past, because I have a really lovely collection of the kind I admire, which he has bought for me from time to time.

More gems of practical wisdom for the ambitious modern miss will be found in another lecture in this series in an early issue.

POIGNANT, PLAYFUL

Miss Hepburn Reaches New Heigh

Radio Provides the Backgroun

Mr. De Mille Opulent

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ ALICE ADAMS

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Evelyn Venable, Frank Albertson, Ann Shoemaker, Charles Grapewin, Grady Sutton, Hedda Hopper. Directed by George Stevens. Story by Booth Tarkington.

EVERY so often the movies will turn out a thing so lovely, so true, so capably wrought throughout that even Hollywood's most cordial deriders must pause in their tirade against the celluloid art. Alice Adams is one of these pictures.

Gentle, tender, yet filled with the most robust sort of laughter that rides up over the lump in your throat, Alice Adams is, within its narrow scope, a well-nigh perfect picture.

It is useless to compare Hepburn's Alice Adams with her performances in Little Women and Morning Glory. This portrayal of a gawky daydreaming girl is so shrewdly and sympathetically contrived that it should stand by itself as one of the great cinema sketches of all time. Here is an exquisitely balanced performance-within-a-performance that fully captures the twisted feelings of a girl who is never real even to herself.

Told in dialogue so right that one is never conscious of "lines," Alice Adams concerns a lower-middle-class small-town girl who attempts a step up the social ladder. The story of her battle against class barriers, a battle she attempts to laugh away, is so simple that it hardly bears repeating. But those touching scenes wherein Miss Hepburn attends her first dance and the dinner her family gave for her suitor have that universally recognizable and embarrassingly true flavor that makes them minor classics of American home life.

Excellently handled by Director George Stevens, the whole cast is ideal in themselves and in their relationship to each other. Frank Albertson, hitherto one of the brightest screen juveniles, is superb as Alice's wayward brother and this performance alone should awaken producers to his potentialities. Fred Stone and Ann Shoemaker are a delight as the incompetent parents, while Fred MacMurray is submerged in a conventional role. But it's the Adams family you'll remember, and no sane moviegoer should miss the chance to meet them.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mortimer Offner, who dialogued Alice with help of Dotty Yost, claims he took no liberties with Booth Tarkington's origie, working in awe of the sparkling fresh dialogue as Tarkington laid it. Only the ending was soldered up a little. . . . The Hepburn claims kinship with Alice Adams in that she, too, had to struggle to get out of the hemming-in tendencies of the small town she was born in. Director George Stevens says Hepburn's face is so rubbery she can without make-up portray ten different characterizations. The end of the shooting day is bedtime for Hepburnie, she being a big energy burner and high-tension worker. Lives in Bel Air, rises at six when she's working, has a light brekker, drives her car full speed to the studio, has her coffee while her hair's being dressed, looks at the day's previous rushes during lunch, discusses forthcoming scenes with author and director, dines in bed, and studies her next day's lines. Once in a while concerts. . . . Fred MacMurray says it's exciting playing opposite Hepburn and though nervous at first she never did a hepburn at his mistakes. Felt for a time like the small boy who was wild to ride on the scenic railway but is secretly petrified with fear at the idea. . . . Frank Albertson's married to Virginia Shelley, somewhat descended from the tender rhymester. She's a boyhood sweetie and has a Montana town named after her. Frank's been through the Hollywood mill, learning everything from office boy to prop boy to actor, latter which profesh most big actors have yet to learn. . . . Fred Stone was born in '73; began his acrobatics at nine on a tight wire in a circus, and has trouped and trouped and trouped as an acrobatic dancer. Father was a teamster. Had a serious plane accident which broke nearly every bone in his body but came out of it knit into one piece. Was once a virile star of first magnitude but now jest supports as a downtrodden henpeck. . . . Hedda Hopper's a Quakress from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. Seven of her uncles were ministers. Ran away from exclusive school in Pittsburgh to dance in New York musical comedy, much to the horror of a religious family. Was once an ingénue lead. Is famed as a charming dinner hostess; lives in a Hollywood bungalow; says her hobby is charming men and she's proud of it. . . . Ann Shoemaker is the great-granddaughter of the last Mayor of Philadelphia under George III. In private life is wife of Henry Stephenson, spending her leisure time in being a good mother, wife, and housekeeper.

★ ★ ★ EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly, Radio Rogues, Walter Catlett, Harry Barris. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Story by Stanley Garvey.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT is a flimsy little piece which records for posterity the emotional ups and downs of a radio trio known as the Swanee Sisters. Though its story is no more important than those of most musicals, the picture is a pleasant affair, graced with a load of fetching songs and engagingly played throughout.

Presented in a casually intimate manner, with no effort being made to awe the audience by a superabundance of chorus girls, Every Night at Eight is easy to look at and easy to hear. Even the usually wooden George Raft unbends a bit, and his protégées, the Swanee Sisters (Frances Langford, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly), are splendid as the microphonic songbirds.

Katharine Hepburn and Fred M
Alice Adams, in which she p

Another glorification of the amateur hour, the film has the Swanee Sisters as three recently fired and broke stenographers who almost win the prize. They merge with Mr. Raft, another contestant, and his band and their warbling become an entertainment unit that sweeps the ether waves. Success, however, means only work for the Swanee Sisters and their ambitious driver, Mr. Raft. Tiring of incessant rehearsals, the girls accept an invitation with high society for a week end. They learn that there's no place like home, even if it is a radio station.

Brightened by Fields and McHugh's swinging dance rhythms and a grand comedy performance from Patsy Kelly, this bit of fluff will certainly do you no harm and it may give you a lot of laughs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Because she lost her voice smack during a church solo right after losing her tonsils, Frances Langford went from soprano to contralto and, guided by her mother, an ex-concert pianist, from the sacred portals of the not-too-lucrative holy places to the very lucrative one of the public ones. Eli Witt, Tampa, Florida, stogie millionaire, gave her a spot on his radio program for all of $5 a program. Later, when Frances got good, she was raised to $8. That may not be much of a raise in beans and bread but in two-fors it runs into numbers. Rudy Vallee, station WOR, musicals, vodvil, cabarets, NBC, and more radio finally sang Frances right into Hollywood. Has never taken a singing lessin in her life; is five-three; weighs 105; wears a 4½ shoe; has dark-brown hair and eyes; likes fried chicken and chili. . . . Story originally called Three on a Mike, and supposedly dipped into this and that about the Boswell Sisters. Production costs about $400,000. . . . George Raft wears highest heels mongst actors; heels and his pants tops creep higher month by month. If they go any higher he'll be wearing his collars down around his ankles. As it is, the numbers of his suits of clothes increase so alarmingly he recently has had to knock out more walls in his Hollywood penthouse to make closet room for the added wardrobe. He now has fourteen closets, parlor, bedroom, and bath, they tell me. . . . In her new expensive mink coat, Alice Faye has realized a long-last ambition, always feeling once she owned one she would be tops in the theatrical profession. I'm told Alice, a New Yawker of the Bronx, a Chester Hale dancer, a floor-show gal, lives with her mother, has brother Bill to handle her bills, is a speed skater (ice), rides, tennises, and has the highest respect for Rudy Vallee but isn't going to marry him. Hm. Just an echo in the Vallee, eh? . . . This marks Patsy Kelly's gradua-

PULCHRITUDINOUS

a Well-Nigh Perfect Picture;
r Some Melodious Antics; and
autifies the Crusades

by BEVERLY HILLS

tion from the custard pots of comedy. She is a female Ted Healy and her singing came as a surprise to her producer. . . . Dorothy Fields, who did the lyrics, is the smartest dressed and slimmest of her peculiar gifted tribe in Hollywood.

rray in a touching scene from
ys a gawky daydreaming girl.

★ ★ ★ THE CRUSADES

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith, Katherine De Mille, C. Aubrey Smith, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, C. Henry Gordon, George Barbier, Montague Love. Directed by C. B. De Mille. Screen play by Harold Lamb, Waldemar Young, Dudley Nichols.

FULL of sound and fury, splashed with costumes and gorgeous sets, The Crusades might be the De Mille spectacle to end all De Mille spectacles. It has everything seen in all the other religious extravaganzas turned out by the Biblical director. There are the thousands of extras, the truly stirring battle scenes, the gigantic sets, and the pseudo-holy air which allows Mr. De Mille to get away with an amount of undressed pulchritude which the censors would hack right out of any other picture.

Full of some of the hammiest acting this side of the Jordan, the story concentrates on the career of Richard the Lionhearted, the King of England who went to the Holy Land just for the ride and to get out of marrying Alice of France (Katherine De Mille). An ardent woman hater, Richard is finally forced into a marriage with a minor princess (Loretta Young) in order to get food and supplies for his men.

Richard soon falls in love with his wife, however, only to lose her to Saladin, head of the infidels, played by Ian Keith, who gives the only honest performance in the picture. This story, though, is no more than a thread on which De Mille strings his gaudy jewels.

The memorable moments in The Crusades are the clashing hand-to-hand fights, the storming of the city wall, the lush pageantry and the lavish opulence of the whole affair.

VITAL STATISTICS: De Mille lost his voice, what with laryngitis during filming of The Crusades and hired an Irish lad, one Harry Hogan, to do all his shouting for him. Bawled out poor Harry continually when Harry didn't make his orders loud and vituperative enough. De Mille was born at Ashfield, Massachusetts, August 12, 1881. Cess, Lasky, and Samuel Goldwyn, a glove merchant, almost jokingly formed the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company in summer of 1913 with their last few dollars—first picture, Squaw Man, with Dustin Farnum, setting the amazing Paramount Famous Players Company rolling on its long and complicated career. Today only De Mille remains with the company, but not as an owner—merely a private unit. He has four children; lives at Laughlin Park, Hollywood; has a 106-foot schooner, the Seward; a 1,200-acre mountain ranch, Paradise. He collects old firearms, shawls, jade, ivories, uncut jewels, money, phonograph records, deep-sea fish. Has made sixty pictures; probably the biggest money director in all film history with an all-time mark. Hopes to do Samson and Delilah next, Harold Lamb doing the script and Henry Wilcoxon, if he hasn't had a haircut, getting the bob trim from some as-yet-undesignated Delilah. . . . Picture cost $1,500,000, or a good deal more than the Crusades themselves. Ten thousand people drew pay checks making it. Three hundred thousand feet of film were shot. Sets built covered an area of 282,400 square feet, largest set taking up four acres, 1,500 people working on it at one time. As many as 800 hosses were put to work. . . . Alan Hale has invented a new automatic car brake expected not only to revolutionize the auto industry but to stop cars as well. Hopes to make a fortune through it but continue picture work. . . . There were seventeen minor accidents during Crusades filming, but nobody badly hurt or killed. De Mille headed casualty list with an arrow wound in the cheek, gotten when he stuck his head out behind a line of shields. . . . Among old-time directors in bit roles are King Baggott, Stuart Holmes, Philo McCullough, and Harry Myers, the old Chaplin assist. . . . Raoul and Halmure Vissec de Ganges of Halifax were chosen to refight the same battle of Acre their own ancestors fought in 744 years ago. . . . Henry Wilcoxon got so mixed up with his role after a time he began playing golf with scimitars and battle axes instead of brassies and niblicks. . . . Veteran of a thousand stage combats with swords and other tinwear, Ian Keith's never been wounded. He's a voracious reader, and, though uncolleged, a big hand at classics, reading from lit'ry scratch—the very beginnings of writing. . . . Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City but isn't a Mormon. Divorced from Grant Withers after one year of what they called married bliss.

★ ★ ½ SHE MARRIED HER BOSS

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Michael Bartlett, Edith Fellowes, Jean Dixon, Raymond Walburn, Katherine Alexander, Clara Kimball Young. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Thyra Samter Winslow.

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS is visible proof that no actress is better than her story. For here is Miss Colbert giving her usual intelligent playing, but so bogged down is she by this stuffy farce and its heavy-handed comedy that the film never gets under way.

The film has Miss Colbert as a department-store private secretary who, as you might gather from the title, finally lands her boss. Included with the wedding license are the boss's possessions: a faded aristocratic sister, a faded aristocratic house, and a spoiled brat.

The bride paddles the brat, brightens the house, and ignores the jealous sister-in-law. While this energetic cleanup is going on, Miss Colbert comes to realize that her husband (Melvyn Douglas) is no more than an animated piece of office furniture. So, taking a fling at life, she picks up a stiff-jointed playboy (Michael Bartlett) and gets drunk in a store window. Then her husband decides to become a playboy, too. He throws bricks through windows. This display of subtle humor so charms the errant wife that she returns to wedded bliss.

VITAL STATISTICS: Claudette Colbert makes this one for Columbia on a year-old contract on which she made the fabulously successful It Happened One Night which cost about $400,000 and has grossed about a million and a half. For her services she received $50,000, although her wages in the meantime, thanks to It Happened One Night, Private Worlds, etc., have gone up to $100,000 per piktsch. . . . Gregory La Cava has gone abroad for three months—just to look around. Refuses to make more than two pictures a year. La Cava always works on his script and is supposed to deserve the lion's share for the smooth-writing chassis of Private Worlds. . . . Melvyn Douglas is Mr. Helen Gahagan in private life. Born Melvyn E. Hesselberg in Macon, Georgia, April 5, 1901, thirty years later to the day he stepped to the altar and made Helen Mrs. Hesselberg. Joined the screen in 1931, after attending schools in eight states and Germany, and warring a bit at a local U. S. camp, and shakespearing it in the sticks later in Gloria Swanson's Tonight or Never. By Mlle. Gahagan, one child, Peter Gahagan Douglas. He got himself a Columbia contract for his work in this one. . . . Mike Bartlett used to be a staff singer at Radio City Music Hall, undoubtedly trying to work his way up to being an usher. Hollywood spoiled it all by snatching him off. Fox Films is kicking itself in the pants for once having had Mike under contract for forty weeks without ever using him and then letting Columbia Pictures snap him up.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta.

★★★—Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap.

The Author of "Bad Girl" and "Sadie McKee" Continues a Notable New Novel — A Brilliant, Startling Story of Storm-Tossed Romance and the Heart of an American Girl

by VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

AS entertainers at the Palais de la Mer, on the New Jersey coast, Sherry Mack, a pretty café singer, and Ted Earle, a pianist, meet a party of three during their first night's show. They are Frederica (called "Freddie") Wheaton and her two friends, Clint Clemons and Roy Richards. Clint is head over heels in love with Freddie, and wearies and worries her with his perpetual proposals of marriage. Constantly they bicker and quarrel.

Sherry and Ted witness a set-to of this kind on their introduction to the trio, and hear Freddie angrily order Clint to go home and stay there. Sullen and hurt, Clint staggers out of the place, and Sherry, strangely fascinated by the rebuffed lover, declares it murderous to let him drive himself home. Her interference rouses vitriolic sarcasm on the part of Freddie, who regards Clint as her property.

Ted solves the impasse by following Clint and poking him in the jaw when the intoxicated young fellow insists on driving. And that further complicates a delicate situation.

But Freddie, Bohemian and careless, soon forgets the incident, although she sometimes shows hatred in her eyes for Sherry, especially after Roy Richards entertains her at the swanky Silver Sand Beach Club, and Clint, out of pique and to show his power, has the little café singer elected a member.

Roy is keen about Sherry, and Ted is in love with her. Though she hardly exists for Clint, he invites her to ride with him and drives like a demon. He is arrested and she berates him. But when Ted asks her to marry him, she refuses him and confesses she is irresistibly drawn to Clint, whose sole thought is Freddie. To herself, she cries:

"Oh, why didn't I fall in love with Ted!"

PART TWO—THE GATES OF PARADISE

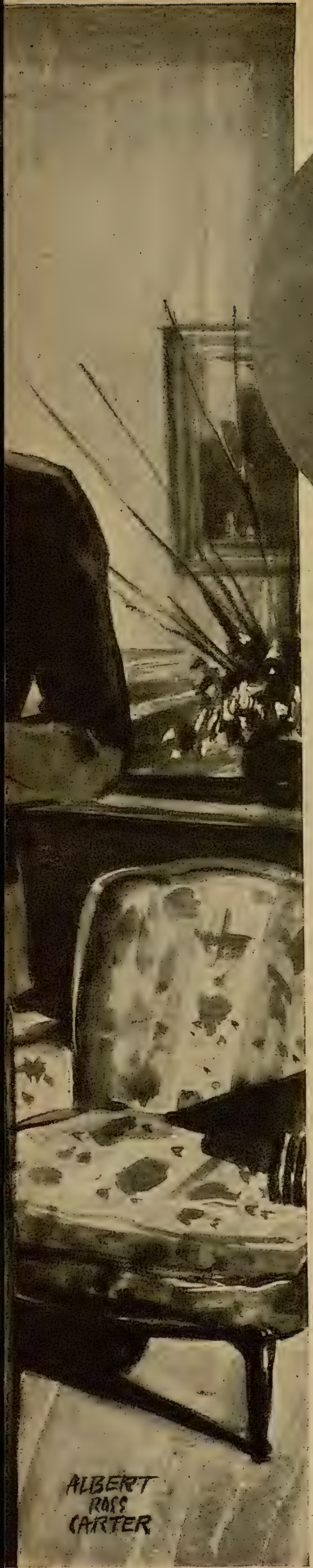
CLINT had been heavily fined, his driving license revoked, and he had listened to a long and painful lecture which had bored him until he grew angry. It had taken all of Roy's gifts of persuasion and tact to keep him out of jail.

They sat now in Freddie's living room drinking what they considered a well earned highball.

"Well," Freddie said after a time, "I guess Roy will have to drive you to Newark tomorrow to collect

THE Sin THEY DO

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT ROSS CARTER



Roy put his arm around her and said: "I'll watch out for him."

your rents. I told you to go the first, but you let it go."

Roy said, "I'll drive you up, Clint."

"Will you?" Clint considered a moment, then he turned to Freddie. "I kind of thought maybe you'd drive me up," he said. "I'd collect the rents and we'd go on to New York and have some fun."

She knew there was more. It came.

"Maybe you'd marry me while we were up there."

"Oh, Clint!"

"Well, why not? Come on, Freddie, what's the matter with you? Why don't you marry me?"

Roy said, "Freddie, do you mind if I use the telephone?"

Without waiting he darted swiftly into the hall.

Freddie was saying, "I'm not going to get married. I don't believe in marriage. Oh, Clint, for God's sake, don't ask me any more."

"I'll keep asking you till I die, Freddie. I love you. Can't you understand that?"

She caught her lower lip between her teeth and did not answer him.

"Oh, all right. I know. You hate me but you haven't got the guts to say that you do." He stood up and walked about the room.

"Clint, I can't drive you to Newark tomorrow. I won't be here. I'm going to New York tonight."

"When did you decide that?"

"Last night, after we quarreled, I telephoned Marjory Tyson and told her to expect me tonight."

"You're a liar. You just made that up."

"No, I didn't."

"Well, call her and tell her you're not coming."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I want to see her."

"Oh, you'd rather be with her and her gang than with me, wouldn't you? Then why don't you say so? That's what I can't figure about you. You'll never be honest—not even with yourself. Well, go ahead. What the hell do I care?"

He poured himself another drink and downed it swiftly. Roy came back into the room.

"Well, Roy, I guess you'll have to drive me up to Newark. Frederica has her social career to attend to. She's going to New York tonight."

"Oh, really? Sure I'll drive you up."

"Let's go," Clint said suddenly and he walked out of the living room and out of the house.

Roy lingered to wish Freddie a pleasant trip. She said, "I told him I was going to Marjory Tyson's. If she's out of town, or anything, I'll be at the St. Julian in case you want me. I think it's best to get away for a few days."

He nodded understandingly. "So long. Enjoy yourself."

She smiled. "You, too. Get away from him occasionally. He'll drive you batty if you don't."

"We'll get along. Don't worry."

She watched from the window as Roy walked down the path and joined Clint in the long black roadster.

THAT evening around eleven o'clock, not having seen Sherry all day, Roy felt a very real yearning for her. Inasmuch as Clint would never be coaxed, bribed, or bullied inside the doors of the Palais de la Mer, it would be necessary to rid himself of Clint. It was easily done. If a bottle were placed on a table Clint would drink steadily till a deficiency either in himself or the bottle called a halt. One could hide the bottle and preserve Clint, or one could temptingly display the bottle and destroy him. Tonight Roy destroyed him, then dragged him upstairs to bed, and deserted him.

Sherry looked cool and smooth and untouched by the heat or the nervous activity that filled the Palais de la Mer. When she came close to him Roy was aware of the fragrance of early spring flowers.

They talked for a time of Clint's adventure with the police. Ted stood by and listened.

"I'm sorry you were so frightened driving with him," Roy said. "No matter how much of a lunatic he seems he always has his car under perfect control and his brakes are always working. He really isn't dangerous."

"No, I suppose not," Sherry said.

Ted cut in sourly, "Of course he's dangerous. He ought to be behind bars."

Roy smiled amiably. "You're talk-

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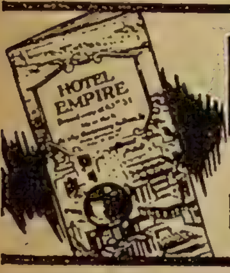

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ing to his lawyer, pal; there's bound to be disagreements."

"Well, let me tell you something. You'd have been one client short this afternoon if she'd had so much as a bruise."

Roy looked from Ted's blazing eyes to Sherry. He could read nothing in her face. Suddenly he felt ashamed that never once throughout the whole bothersome episode of Clint and his traffic violations had he evinced any real interest in the fact that Clint had risked Sherry's life.

Did it mean that at last he was getting to be a good lawyer?

He said, "Yes, I see your angle. Well, guess I'd better be getting along now. It's after twelve. Have some things I got to do. So long, folks."

Ted said, "So long."

Sherry asked, "Will I see you tomorrow at Silver Sand?"

"No. I've got to drive to Newark."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, I have to run up to New York to the dressmaker's some day this week, and if you could give me a lift as far as Newark it would save Ted taking me up."

"Oh, Sherry, you know I don't mind."

"Of course you don't, but it's silly to take the trip for nothing if Roy's going up anyhow."

"But maybe he's not coming back in time for you to go to work."

"Oh, yes," Roy said. "I'll be in Newark about two or three hours, then I'm coming right back."

"You see, Ted? It's perfect."

Roy wasn't so sure that it was perfect. If he said, "Clint's coming too," then she would probably change her mind and he would be cheated of having her beside him throughout the drive. If he didn't warn her in advance she was likely to be angry, and Ted was certain to be angry.

Clint was certain to be angry too, having the girl dragged along. But to hell with Clint.

"Yes, you see, Ted, it's perfect," he said.

THEY settled on the arrangements, and Roy departed. He drove home along the ocean front feeling vaguely unhappy and at odds with the world. His desire for Sherry was something that he wanted to tell her about. She would understand. She would understand that he was looking for strength and ambition and belief in himself and that these things she could give him.

But the piano player loved her and he would have her, for he would say to her, "Marry me, Sherry." Roy felt again the wave of shame he had known in the café. Clint had risked Sherry's life and he had felt no impulse to murder him. He had only an idiotic happy pride in his own achievement at having rescued Clint from a jail sentence.

There was a way to regain his self-respect. He would ask Sherry to marry him. He would make her see that he had to have her. She liked him. Perhaps she even loved him. Tomorrow morning he would ask her to marry him. In the car, just before they picked Clint up, he would ask her.

The Richards house was in Asbury Park, a half mile from the ocean. It stood smugly in the two-houses-to-a-block section where green velvet lawn vied with green velvet lawn and private tennis courts were no novelty. It had a dignity and charm that were completely lacking in many of the newer homes.

The terrace lights were burning and several automobiles were at the curb. Roy remembered that his mother had planned a few tables of bridge for the evening.

HE fitted his key into the lock and walked in. The guests were now occupied with a buffet supper.

He spoke pleasantly to every one, kissed his mother, and helped himself to a portion of lobster salad. His father had hardly acknowledged his presence and he knew that there was trouble brewing from that quarter. His many absences from the office.

After he finished his salad he walked upstairs without his departure being noticed.

He found Alice in the hall, a slim pale wraith in a white silk kimono.

He said, "Hello, sis," and kissed her heartily.

"I've just been tending to the baby," she said. "He wakes up every five minutes since he's been teething."

Roy knew her real reason for parading around the halls. She was listening for Dick to come home. Roy felt that he knew exactly where Dick was, but he said nothing.

"Father ought to get a nurse for you," he said. "At least till the baby's through teething."

She laughed shortly. "He's letting us live here, isn't he? What do you mean—nurse?"

Roy remembered when Alice had been the most dashing and loveliest of the younger crowd. She had met and married Dick Fletcher, an automobile salesman. Now she was a wraith who wandered the upstairs halls and never appeared downstairs when there were guests.

Suddenly he said to her, "Are you sorry, Alice?"

She knew exactly what he meant. She turned toward him and said in a low passionate voice, "Sorry? Of course I'm sorry. Wouldn't you be? What have I got to be glad about? A good-for-nothing man who hates me because I can't get anything out of father except a place to live?"

"Aren't you glad you had the courage to take him when you wanted him?"

"To be glad of that would mean that I liked swallowing my pride, wearing old clothes, taking money from mother when I know she's practically stolen it for me."

"You're a woman, sis. Things go harder with you. I'm going to take the jump. I'm going to marry a café singer if she'll have me."

She looked at him with wide staring eyes. "Don't, brother. Please don't.

He'll throw you out of the office."

"I can make a living."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. You'd be just like me. You couldn't fight, and you'd come sniveling home to live in that other back room."

He knew a moment of fear. She spoke with such cold certainty, such sad wisdom.

He said, "It's different with men. Good night, sis."

He reached the bottom of the steps just as his mother had closed the door on the last departing guest.

His father said, "Well, you're just the fellow I want to see. Are you supposed to be practicing law or modeling clothes, or just exactly how do you propose to earn money?"

"Father, I—"

"You're twenty-seven now. I expect you to be a credit to me. Where have you been during the compiling of the data of the Innley case? I especially mentioned that you could learn a great deal from that case. Young man, one of these days—"

Roy said, "I know I've been no good and I'm sorry. Really I am. But tomorrow I turn over a new leaf."

His mother's arms were around him. She was saying, "Darling, we know you mean to do right. Only it makes us so sad when you don't. You're so brilliant and you'd be such a success with a little effort."

He patted her arm and said, "I'll try."

His father said, "That's all you can do and I hope you'll do it."

Roy helped his father snap out the numerous lights and the three of them walked upstairs together.

Alice was still wandering through the halls. Her mother said, "Dick home yet?"

"Not yet, mother. He said he'd be very late. He had to go see that man who's going to buy a dozen cars for his business. If Dick can make the sale—"

Her father interrupted to say, "Go to bed. It's ridiculous to wait up for him. Good night."

SHE scurried away like a frightened rabbit. Roy went a few minutes later to her room and found her crying stormily into a pillow.

"Come on, sis," he said. "What's the use? I'm going to New York tomorrow. What shall I bring you?"

"Are you going to get married up there?"

"Married? What are you talking about?"

"The café singer."

He said, "Oh, I was only fooling. She's a good kid but marriage is a serious proposition." . . .

Sherry had breakfast that morning in the untidy little bungalow that Ted shared with Kerry King, the leader of the orchestra. Kerry had a wife who would soon have a child. The wife was with her mother in Ridgely, Maryland, and Kerry sent to them every dollar that he could possibly manage. He was a very solemn young man.

"She wrote me she's beginning to make the layette," he said to Sherry. "What's the layette? Where does a baby wear that?"

"Why, the layette is the whole shooting match, you ignoramus. Everything—dresses, didies, bootees."

"Oh, gee, I wish she were here!"

Ted said, "Well, she's yours wherever she is, and that's something."

"Yes, that's a lot," Kerry agreed.

Sherry raised her eyes to Ted's face. He was staring somberly through the window, and she wished that they were alone so that he might take some of his misery out in talk.

Presently she had to leave in order to meet Roy.

HIS car was a sedan in a conservative dark green and she remembered from her other ride with him that he drove with calm precision.

"We have a stop to make," he told her. "As a matter of fact we have to pick up another passenger."

"Oh. Any one I know?"

"Yes. It's Clint. Do you mind terribly?"

"No. Why should I? He's probably sore at me, but I've nothing against him. Besides, it's your car. I'm only a hitchhiker."

"So is he."

"Where does he live?"

"Right down here in Sea Edge. It'll only take us a minute to get him. I imagine he'll be ready."

Roy left her sitting in the car and went into Clint's house after much honking of the horn had brought no response. Sherry's heart pounded with hot excitement.

Finally they came. Clint wore white trousers and a dark coat and he seemed to Sherry the most perfect picture of masculine grace she had ever seen.

"Hello, Judas," he said to her.

"Hello. I do hope you're not going to call me that forever."

But already he had lost interest in her and was speaking to Roy. "Where do you want me to sit? In the back, I suppose."

He climbed into the back seat and within five minutes had fallen asleep.

Roy and Sherry talked of nothing in particular till just before they reached Newark.

"I'm sorry I can't take you all the way to the dressmaker's, Sherry, but Clint has business here. However, I will pick you up in New York so you won't have to come back here in the tube. Where do you say?"

They settled upon a rendezvous. Roy drove her to the tube, waved good-by, and awakened Clint.

"Come on, fellow. Pull yourself together. You have to face your tenants and tell them what to do with their leaky faucets and noisy neighbors."

As a matter of fact it turned out to be an extraordinarily swift collection. Roy counted up and found that Clint had well over two thousand dollars in cash. His tenants were not of the class who keep checking accounts.

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"I hope we don't get held up," Roy said.

"What do you care whether we do or not? You haven't got anything. Come on, drive over to New York."

"What are you going to do there?"

"See Freddie. What do you think I'm going to do?"

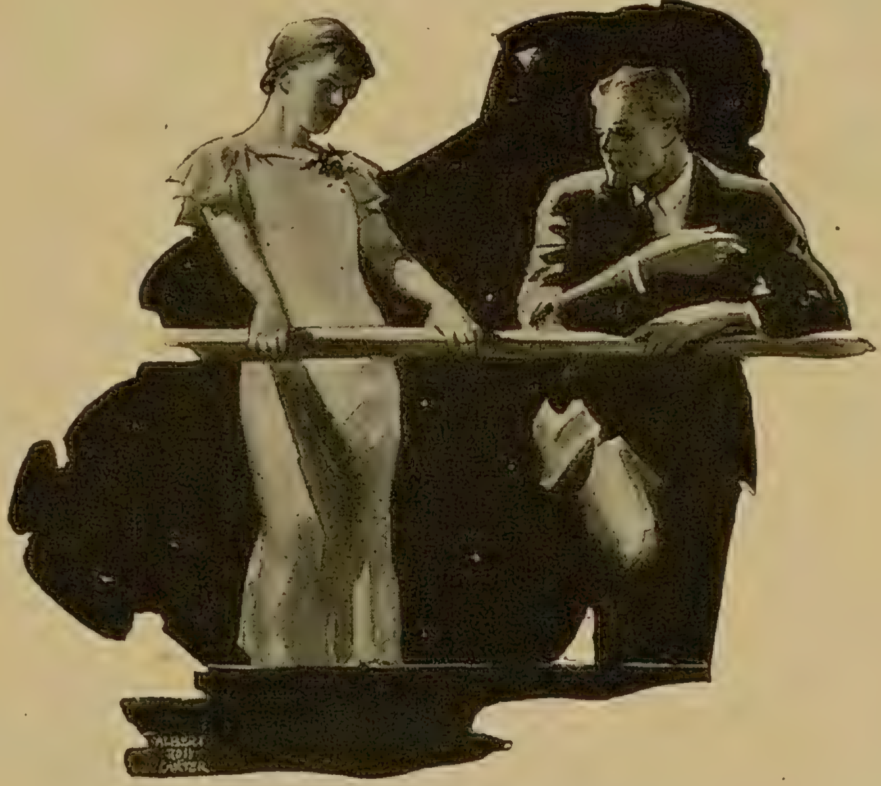
"Why don't you let her alone for a while, Clint? She'll be that much better pleased to see you."

"I don't care whether she wants to see me or not. I've got something I want to tell her."

"All right. But look, Clint. Don't forget I have to get Sherry back by six o'clock. Six thirty at the latest."

"I won't forget. Come on, get going, will you?"

Fortunately Freddie had found Marjory Tyson at home and was staying with her. She was not surprised to see them. She came into the huge living room of her friend's apartment and said, "I dreamed about you two mugs last night."



"Ted tells me you and Clint are going to get married," said Roy.

She had spent the morning in the beauty parlor and her hair lay in unfamiliar iron-stiff waves across her head.

Clint said, "We're driving home in a little while. I thought you might like to come with us."

She shook her head. "No. I'm going to dinner and the theater tonight with the Tysons."

"And who else?" he demanded.

"I'm not certain. Marjory mentioned the names of the other people but I've forgotten."

"You haven't forgotten. You're just stalling. Who is he?"

"Oh, Clint, don't be such a fool."

"All right. I'm a fool. I drive all this way to see you and I'm a fool."

"You didn't drive all this way to see me. You came up to get your rents, and because it was only a little farther you came on over here."

"Do you suppose I give a damn about the rents? I wouldn't have bothered to ride to Newark if it hadn't been close to New York."

They stared angrily at each other for a few seconds. Then Clint said, "Well, are you coming home?"

"No. I told you I wasn't."

Roy walked to the window and looked at the traffic below. Behind him the voices of his friends went on and on in bitter argument.

Clint said, "Well, if these things aren't true, then why won't you marry me? Come on right now and let's get married."

"No," she answered.

"Why not?"

"Oh, my God! Haven't I told you a thousand times I'll never get married? I don't believe in marriage."

Roy turned back toward the room. "Come on, Clint," he said. "Be a good fellow. What's the use of upsetting everybody?"

"If I'm upsetting you, you can leave."

Freddie threw him a pleading glance and he stood his ground. "No, I'm staying; but quit wrangling, will you? This is a stranger's house, remember."

Clint said to Freddie, "Is there a drink in the house? That's the important thing."

She ran and fetched a bottle and some glasses. The three of them drank in their usual solemn fashion.

Presently Freddie said, "You know, Clint, your trouble is that you've never acquired any interest in life. You've got nothing to do except think about me. You must think about something else."

"What, for instance? Have you anything to suggest?"

"What do other men think about? Golf, business, books, music, baseball. Why in hell can't you be normal?"

"Oh, now I'm a subnormal idiot. I flattered myself that I was an average person."

"Well, you're not. Can't you write letters sometimes or go fishing or read magazines like other people do? Must you always be fighting with me or looking for me or sulking because you can't speak to me?"

"Then I didn't miss your point. The point being that you want me to find an interest other than your own sweet humble self. Well, damn it, I will. I'll find an interest and maybe you won't like that so much either."

"Clint!" She turned away from him with a shrug of impatience. "A person can't even speak to you."

"You spoke to me and I understand what you said. You're sick and tired of having me around." He stood up and walked toward the door. "Good-by, Frederica. I hope you'll be happier when I've made a life of my own."

"Clint, just a minute. Won't you please try to understand—" The door closed behind him and she burst into the dry strangled sobs that Roy had heard so often.

He put his arm around her and said hurriedly, "I'm sorry I brought him here. I couldn't help it. You know how he is. I'll watch out for him. Don't worry."

"But he's going to do something silly."

"No, he isn't. I'll be around." He dropped a light kiss on the rigid waves of her hair and left her.

Clint was sitting in the car. Roy knew that look of innocence he wore. It was a safety measure in case any criticism of his behavior was forthcoming. Roy said nothing about the scene upstairs. Instead he suggested that they get something to eat.

Clint agreed and they passed an hour in a Broadway restaurant. Then it was time to meet Sherry. She was standing in the appointed place waiting patiently for them, and Roy noticed at once that she had bought a new hat in which she looked more fetching than ever.

"Hello," she said. "I hope it wasn't too much trouble coming over here for me."

"Not at all."

Roy was opening the door beside the driver's seat for her when Clint said, "Hey, what about giving me a break on the return trip?"

They looked at him for a second without understanding, and he added:

"Come on. Sit back here."

"All right." She jumped lightly into the seat beside him, laughing a little at nothing at all.

"Drive nicely, Roy," Clint said. "This little lady is scared of automobiles."

"And well she might be," Roy returned.

Sherry felt a pang of conscience. She had not considered Roy when she had gleefully chosen the back seat. It was through his kindness that she was here at all, and she had completely forgotten him when Clint had invited her to sit with him.

He was hurt.

She leaned forward and said to him, "Will you be over at the Palais tonight? I'm going to sing a new song."

"I'll try to be," he said.

She had never seen Clint so friendly before. When he smiled there was a bright liveliness in his face that was totally unexpected and very attractive. This was not his mocking smile. This was something that she convinced herself was real. The other was a pose, an affectation. He was a charming person with a sense of humor and excellent manners. This was the real Clint. No wonder Roy was a devoted friend. No wonder the Wheaton girl didn't leave him lying around loose very often.

"You're different today. Why?"

"Different? How?"

"You're so friendly. You aren't usually, you know."

"Oh." He smiled at her. "I'm putting myself out to be charming. I'm trying to make an impression."

"But why on me?"

"Because you happen to be the loveliest girl alive."

"I suppose you noticed that just now."

"No. I noticed it the first night I saw you but I thought you didn't like me. Why do you suppose I bought you a membership at Silver Sand? Why do you suppose I asked you to go riding yesterday?"

"And why do you suppose you tried to kill us both?"

"I was sore. You acted so cold and distant."

Roy slowed the car down.

"How are things going back there?" he asked.

"All right, I suppose," Clint answered. "Our passenger seems comfortable."

Roy brought the car to a complete stop. "Well, I'm lonesome," he said. "How about coming up here, Sherry?"

"Don't you think you're a bit of a boor, Roy?"

"No, Clint, I never happened to think of that."

"Well, you are."

"Regardless of that, how about it, Sherry?"

"Sure." She made the change and the car rolled on.

CLINT immediately fell asleep and Roy drove along looking stony-eyed and disapproving. He made no conversation and Sherry thought, "There's something strange here. Roy isn't jealous, I don't think. He just looks mad. Clint isn't pining away for love of me. What did he put on that act for?"

But oh, dear God, if only he wasn't kidding her! If only he really did think her the loveliest girl alive!

When they reached Clint's house Roy said:

"Come on. Wake up. You're home."

Clint sat up and looked around dazedly. "Well, all right," he said. "Don't holler."

He stepped from the car and came to stand beside Sherry. "It's been nice to see you again," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," she said.

"What are you going to do now?" Roy asked him.

"I'm going to sleep for a couple of hours. Thanks for the chauffeuring. Maybe I'll see you later. So long."

He walked away and Roy drove Sherry home.

"I'll be in at the Palais," he said. "Maybe about ten o'clock."

"O. K. Thanks for the ride."

She walked into the little house, and as she passed the telephone in the hall it began ringing. She picked up the receiver and her heart shook with the instant knowledge that it was Clint speaking.

"Yes, this is Sherry."

"Can't you have dinner with me?"

"I have to start working at seven thirty."

"I'd have you to work at seven thirty. We'd go to the Sunrise Hills for dinner."

"You can't drive."

"I can hire taxis."

SHE called Ted and told him that she was dining elsewhere. She was so nervous that as she dressed she spilled a bottle of perfume.

"It's idiotic," she said. "He mustn't make me so jittery. I won't be able to hold a decent conversation. He'll think I'm a fool. Oh, please, don't let me seem like a fool to Clint Clemons. I couldn't stand it."

Roy was having dinner with his family and was called to the telephone. It was Freddie.

"How did everything go on the trip home, Roy?"

"All right."

"Do you know where Clint is now?"

"He's asleep at home."

"You're certain he's not going to do anything foolish?"

"Of course. What could he do?"

"I don't know, but he can be so disturbing."

"Well, don't worry. Take a good rest up there."

"I will. I know you'll keep your eye on him." . . .

Sherry and Clint sat at a corner table at the Sunrise Hills Hotel.

"You can't love me," Sherry was insisting. "You've never looked at me before today. You can't possibly love me."

"No?" He took a cigarette from his gold case which said on it "To Clint from Freddie." He tapped the cigarette on the back of his hand and smiled across at her. "I'm sorry that I sound so unconvincing. It's disheartening. Really it is. I always fancied myself as quite a persuasive lover. It's discouraging to have my best speeches met with disbelief."

Sherry laughed, but her laughter suddenly froze on her lips, for he was saying, "You will marry me, won't you, Sherry?" . . .

After she had told Ted, she slipped quietly away from the café and went to stand on the boardwalk where it was dark and cool and she could look at the ocean and think. She was leaving tomorrow. She was leaving to marry Clint Clemons.

Ted had turned white when she had

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told him. He loved her so fiercely that his disappointment was a cruel, almost unendurable pain. She knew he would have minded less had the man been any one but Clint. He hated Clint with the hatred that a healthy, fearless individual feels for a man who can spend his anger in sarcasm and petty bickering.

He didn't know Clint as she did. He didn't know how misunderstood Clint had been all his life. Roy had been his friend, of course, and so had Freddie, but they hadn't discussed Freddie. Roy had been kind and loyal at all times but he was unimaginative. He hadn't known much about Clint's true self—the self that had been revealed to Sherry. She understood him. He said that he had known from the first that she would. He had told her that as a child he had been miserably shy and reticent. She had read of such things. She felt capable of dealing with his dark moods.

So long as they loved each other, she had said to him, they would be happy together.

To think that as she had dreamed of him so he had dreamed of her! He had wanted her always. Only once did he speak of Freddie and that was to explain rather stiffly that their parents had expected them to marry and that they two had always taken for granted that some day they would.

"But she knows now that we never will and she is perfectly contented. I imagine she has somebody else anyhow."

Sherry looked up at the stars and breathed a little prayer of thankfulness. She hoped that he was thinking of her and wanting her as much as she wanted him. She tried to picture him alone in his big house. And for the first time it occurred to her that Clint probably had a great deal of money.

THERE was a man coming up the boardwalk steps. It was Roy.

"I had a hunch you'd be over here," he said.

"It was hot in the café."

"Yes. Very hot." Roy looked both worried and disturbed.

She asked, "Is something wrong, Roy?"

"Wrong?" He looked at her thoughtfully. "Ted tells me that you and Clint are going to get married."

"Yes. You don't mind, do you?" She laughed lightly. "You see, Clint and I have been in love with each other for weeks."

"For weeks," he repeated stupidly.

"I gather that he didn't tell you anything about it. Well, I didn't do much talking about it either. We each thought the other was hopelessly involved with somebody else. But at last we got together and, oh, Roy, I'm so happy."

He wanted to tell her what he had come to tell her—that it was all a dreadful, cruel joke. He wanted to say, "Clint doesn't love you. He doesn't want you. He only wants to spite Freddie." He had come prepared to tell her that Clint would sacrifice any one on God's earth to his own desires, and he must not be believed or trusted.

But it was too much to expect of one who had not the courage to face his father's chill displeasure, who feared poverty and pain. He had not had the strength to beg her to be his wife and he had not the strength to kick over her empty glittering paradise. She stood so still and serene in the moonlight, so sure of her happiness.

And he knew that Clint would have told her none of the things that as his wife she had a right to know.

SHE was baffled by Roy's obvious discomfort. Certainly he had not cared enough about her to resent Clint's winning her. On the other hand, surely he had liked her sufficiently so that he was not dismayed by his closest friend taking her as his wife.

"What's the matter with you, Roy? You seem—I don't know exactly. I guess upset is the word. What is it?"

"Nothing. I'm just dazed, I guess. Maybe I had too much to drink this evening. I'm going home, Sherry. See you tomorrow."

She laughed a low, rippling laugh. "I guess you will see me tomorrow. Clint will want you to be a witness at the ceremony, won't he?"

"What? Oh, maybe. I suppose he will."

"Why don't you stop and see him now?"

"Yes. Sure. That's a good idea."

He walked back to the Palais de la Mer parking space and got his car. He drove immediately to a drugstore and telephoned Marjory Tyson's apartment, but there was no answer. He remembered then that Freddie and the Tysons had planned a show for the evening. That probably meant a late supper afterward in some night club. If Frederica would come back to Sea Edge before the ceremony there would be no ceremony. She would only have to call Clint's name and he would come running to her. Sherry would cry a little perhaps, but not as much as if the marriage went through and she found herself to be not a wife but merely Clint's angry retort to Freddie.

He left the drugstore and went to Clint's house. He found Clint in a complete stupor. There was an empty bottle beside him, and Roy guessed that Clint had purposely set about placing himself beyond thought or memory.

After Roy had put Clint to bed and turned out his light he came downstairs and called Tysons' apartment again. Still no answer.

He went home and was relieved to find out that the family had all retired. He sent a telegram to Freddie which said, "Telephone me the moment you get this, no matter what time it is." There was no telephone in his bedroom, so he stretched out on the divan in the foyer, near the telephone. He would be sure to hear the phone there and to reach it before it awakened everybody in the house.

Then quite suddenly it was a hot golden morning and the sun was streaming into the foyer. He looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past eight. In panic he seized the telephone and called New York.

"Tysons' apartment? I want to speak to Miss Wheaton."

"Who is this speaking, please?"

"This is Mr. Royal Richards. I'm a—a cousin of Miss Wheaton and I have something very important to tell her."

"Oh. Well, they did intend to go to the theater last night, but when Mr. Tyson came in he complained of the heat, and after a little talk they all put a few things in a bag and drove somewhere. They said they'd be back in two or three days."

"You haven't any idea where they went?"

"No, sir."

Roy hung up the receiver. Then, on a chance, he called Freddie's house. There was no response and he had not thought there would be. A step beside him caused him to glance up. His father was standing there regarding him with cold disapproval.

"Did you come home drunk last night?"

"No."

"Then explain yourself."

"I intend to. Perhaps you'll help me when I do. Would you speak to Clint Clemons? I don't think he'll listen to me. He's intending to get married today."

"To Fred Wheaton's daughter?"

"No, father. He's intending to marry a girl who's been singing at a café down here this summer. A girl named Sherry Mack."

The elder Richards's brow puckered thoughtfully. Then, "I don't see why you or I should interfere. He's no good anyhow. Let her lead him a merry chase and take his money. That's what she's marrying him for, most likely."

Roy shook his head. "No, she's a fine girl. She's marrying him because she loves him, and he's marrying her to spite Freddie."

"Let them work out their own problems. Go change your clothes and have breakfast with me."

"I can't have breakfast with you. I have to go see Clint. I have to try to talk him out of this business. He'll ruin that girl's life."

"Are you in love with her yourself?"

"Certainly I am. And if she ever gets over Clint I'm going to tell her so."

"Oh, I see. I'm supposed to convince Clint that he mustn't marry a cabaret singer, and if I win my case I get the cabaret singer in my family. Is that it?"

"I'll make a bargain with you. All I want is for her to be free of the grief and the misery that she'll get with Clint. You talk him out of marrying her and I'll never even see her again. That's how much I care for her. Now judge her character by that."

"Very theatric you are, Roy. If I get her out of this entanglement you won't marry her. But if I let her marry Clint you can't marry her. So what's the object of my game?"

After a moment Roy said, "The object is to do me a favor."

"It will be a pleasure to do you a favor, Roy. I'm not a monster. I only want to understand things."

His father called Clint's number. After a half minute they were convinced that there was not going to be an answer.

"Well, let's have our breakfast."

In the dining room Roy suddenly said, "I have a hunch we're too late."

He pushed his chair back and hurried to the telephone.

"Yes," came the voice of Sherry's landlady. "She left here at seven thirty this morning. She told my daughter she was going to New York to get married."

Is Sherry or Roy right about Clint Clemons? Is he going to marry the infatuated girl "to spite Freddie," or for other motives? Read Liberty next week and be utterly amazed.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE WEDGE** by Hermann B. Deutsch. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A vivid and colorful novel of turbulent Mexico when Villa and other leaders pillaged and destroyed and men fought for a cause which they did not understand. And through it all struggles Desiderio, who was born to be an artist, but who falls instead a victim of revolutionary cruelty and stupidity.

★ ★ **WINTER CARNIVAL** by Deck Morgan. Julian Messner, Inc.

Using as a backdrop a fashionable winter sports resort, the author tells the story of life and loves of the idle rich and of two poor but deserving employees of the hotel.

★ ★ **THE GOLD CHASE** by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton-Century Company.

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From Paris

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ELSIE DE WOLFE grows vegetables in a garden that once belonged to the kings of France. Her lovely home, Villa Trianon, adjoins the old domain of the royal palace at Versailles. Her garden used to be part of Louis XIV's back yard.

She has decorated and furnished her house with a hand of genius. Rooms long and cool, exquisite antiques, pale satins and velvets the golden color of autumn leaves. And this American woman—artist, writer, former stage star—has not neglected her American comforts. She installed enough bathrooms—well, *almost* enough.

LADY IYA ABDY

Her husband, Sir Charles Mendl of the British Embassy at Paris, came bursting in one afternoon upon our feminine party around the tea table.

"Two ambassadors will be here tonight," said he to his wife, "and one of them wants a bath before dinner. Which room can I put him in?"

Lady Elsie de Wolfe Mendl frowned and thought.

"There's Sybil's room. No, that's full of trunks. Then there's the room across the hall—but that won't do. Now wait—let me think."

Sir Charles sighs. "Never mind," he says meekly. "I'll dress early and give him my own room."

All summer Elsie de Wolfe wore tailored white dresses of crinkly white crepe. "I have four of them," she told me. "They don't crush and they are always fresh, so I wear nothing else." With them, however, I noticed that she wore three rows of magnificent pearls.

She is one of the best known, one of the most popular women in Paris—hers is exactly the combination of eccentric taste and good practical sense that Paris adores.

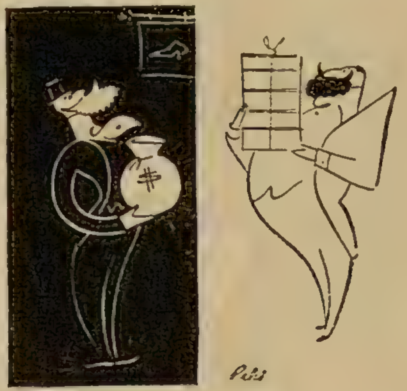
● Changed are the gaudy vice spots of Paris where none but carousing foreigners used to go. Since depression they have been taken over as resorts of mild mischief for respectable French businessmen and their middle-aged wives. Some of the scenes thereby produced are a bit quaint. Le Sphinx, for example, used to be an establishment no *lady* entered and no nice man mentioned. Now it has put on a family atmosphere along with its wickedness. Solid French husbands meet there to sip an apéritif or two while their good wives exchange high-cost-of-living lamentations with rather scant-clad damsels of the night.

● Iya Abdy—Lady Abdy in private life—is another outlander who, like Elsie de Wolfe, has captured the imagination of Paris. Iya Abdy produced the Italian Renaissance play Cenci, from which our current vogue for medieval-looking clothes received one of its boosts into high fashion. The other impetus was the Paris show of Italian art—visited by *seven hundred thousand* people in a few weeks. Iya Abdy is artistic, exotic, magnetic. Has become something of a taste dictator nearly overnight.

She warns us away from silk, away from printed stuffs, away from electric lights. Our jewels and our eyes, says Iya, need soft plain surfaces of wool in the evening, and the soft gleam of candles.

● *Paris memoranda:*

Mme. Agnès, de luxe milliner, vowed always to wear blue (color sacred to the Madonna) if her mother recovered from a threatening illness. Her mother got well. So Agnès wears blue eternally—with her hair dyed to match. . . . Georgette Labourdette has her first name woven into all her silk stockings, spends thousands a year on 'em. . . . Comtesse de Sainte Croix proves by exception the rule that smart Frenchwomen are rarely beautiful. . . . Yantorney, king of Parisian shoemakers, charges $300 a pair and won't make you less than five pairs at a time. . . . Calling a gown a rag—*c'est un chiffon*—is the highest praise you can give it in Paris fashion slang. Means the gown looks like nothing but a rag until you put it on; then its allures of cut and fabric blossom out and compliment your figure with subtle flatteries. . . . French experts pay first attention to material, to weaves that hang and stretch perfectly. They say that's the profoundest secret of style. . . . The great Lanvin loses money every year on her line of children's dresses, but she is sentimental about them. Making clothes for her daughter started her in the profession years ago.



● To eat divinely in Paris nowadays you must be a hunter. The more famous restaurants are not as good as of old. The best ones now are small and obscure, hidden and hard to find.

One tiny place of delight is Chez Nine, on the Rue des Martyrs in Montmartre. Only eight tables. Here the specialty is *confit d'oie*—an enchanted fleshpot of goose, spiced and preserved. . . . In Montmartre also, on the Rue des Abbesses, the Restaurant des Fleurs can exalt you with lobster like pink rose petals in a creamy sauce that makes you roll your eyes and blow sweet kisses to the chef. . . . Near the city market (les Halles), at the Pied de Cochon, is revealed the miracle of *quenelles de brochet*—a magic mincemeat of fresh-water pike—and you should wet it down with the lovely new white wine.

But if hors d'oeuvres are your weakness, as they are with me, go to the Relais de la Belle Aurore—Posthouse of the Beautiful Dawn. *What* hors d'oeuvres you get there! And what a *dawn* I saw from there!

to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

● Photographers go to John Robert Powers, the beauty broker, for those superb young ladies and young gentlemen whose pictures adorn our magazine advertisements of cigarettes, tooth paste, automobiles, soaps, soups, et cetera. From morn to night the model agency operated by Mr. Powers fairly swarms with gorgeous lookers. I've been asking him questions about them. Here are some of his replies:

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

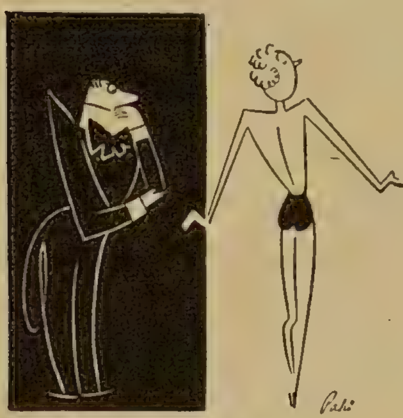
California's most photographed beauty has never been in the movies.

As models for the *college type,* real college girls seldom are as typical as those who haven't been to college.

Many of the prettiest models are married and have children. They all get a kick out of seeing their pictures in the magazines and newspapers, on billboards, etc.

The late great Ziegfeld always used to scan this photo-model market before he picked girls for a new show. Plenty of them have graduated from commercial modeling to the Hollywood screen. Yet the best ones are more reserved than pushful—there are few jealousies among them and they don't often get into fights through trying to put themselves forward. Nice girls, Mr. Powers says they are, and I believe it. They lend each other their hats, shoes, evening wraps—for their pay isn't large and they are expected to furnish their own accessories.

John Powers has been booking their jobs for them for twelve years. He used to be in theater business, was an American manager for Sir Beerbohm Tree's English companies. About fifty new girls come to his office every day with hopes of becoming models. First he has them take off *all* their make-up. Then he can tell right away whether or not they've got what it takes.



"Those who have it," he says, "were born with it—the gift of natural grace and charm. I can teach them a few tricks of the trade, but not many. Fine models are born, not made."

● Women, says a professor friend of mine, are older racially than men. He says we females of all the human tribes retain our tribal traits, both physical and psychological, longer than the males do. To prove it he shows that there are more blonde women than blond men among the nationalities in which blondness is a characterizing feature, and likewise that among the brunette nations more girls than boys are outstandingly dark. Along with our complexions, says my scientific friend, we also cling to old habits, customs, prejudices. According to his research we lag far behind our menfolk in every process of racial change. His idea is interesting; but when he told it to me I was tempted to say, "*So what?*" I don't care very much. Do you?

● A reader writes: "You never see a framed dollar bill on the wall of any business place run by a woman. Only in men's places. Why? Aren't women sentimental about money? They certainly are about other things."

That's an odd line of investigation! Who knows the answer? And what *does* become of those framed dollar bills?

There must be thousands and thousands of them hanging on walls throughout the country.

● To get on with modern children you'd better start while they're young, let them treat you rough—and tell them everything.

One of the happiest families I know has been organized on that basis. The parents are about forty, the son nineteen, the daughter seventeen. All are genuine comrades; there is no family problem the parents hesitate to share with the kids, no young trouble the kids fear to confide. I wondered how this excellent relationship had been contrived. The mother told me.

"Both my husband and I," she said, "were brought up in strict old-fashioned homes. Our parents loved us, but they dominated us so absolutely that they couldn't be our *friends.* As a result, they never knew real intimacy with us, nor we with them. When our own children came along we made up our minds to win their friendship instead of merely commanding their dutiful respect."

Perhaps it wouldn't work in all cases. Possibly these young parents and kids are exceptionally well balanced individuals.

Anyhow, in their case I know it *has* worked.

● Elizabeth Drexel Lehr has written a remarkable book — her memoirs — the memoirs of a woman-hater's wife! She is the widow of Harry Lehr, social playboy extraordinary. Her chapters dealing with high American society in wartime are fascinating and of historical value. The title of the book is "King Lehr" and the Gilded Age. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● New to me, and ever so good, was a salad mixed by one of my fellow passengers on the boat going over to Europe this summer.

She used cooked artichoke bottoms and fresh avocado pears, sliced and served together with a watercress dressing.

Here's her recipe for it:

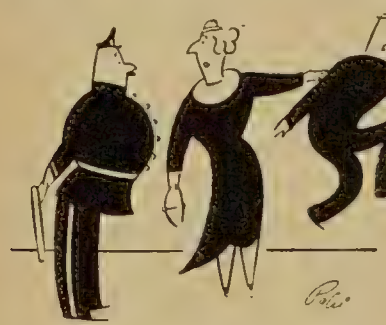
Equal quantities of artichoke and avocado in fairly thick slices. Make the dressing with ½ olive oil, ¼ vinegar, ¼ chili sauce, dash of lemon juice, pepper and salt, generous sprinkling of chopped watercress. Should be served ice-cold.

Vox Pop

THREE WOMEN FOR EVERY MAN

New Albany, Ind.—Women are very unreasonable; if you stare at them for more than a fraction of a moment they want to have you arrested or else marry you.

Which brings me to my point: There are three women in the world for every man: One to marry him, one to understand him, and one to ruin him.



So far all the women I've met all belong in the last class.

As far as I'm concerned you can keep all the women out of Liberty. Why ruin a good magazine?—*George F. Jackson.*

HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?

Los Angeles, Calif.—Maude Williamson in the story "Searchlight" in August 3 Liberty says: "She picked up her voice and set it on its feet."

Will you tell me how that can be done? I imagine it's rather amusing and lots of fun.—*Mrs. E. V. Yolton.*

NAME THESE YEGGS

Washington, D. C.—Has Liberty or Martin Mooney, author of the article in the August 3 Liberty, gone yellow? In this article, "Our Super-Government of Racketeers," he says, "The names of three of them [racketeers], if ever disclosed, would rock the very foundations of New York's political life and have reverberations in Washington and the major cities of the country."

If Mr. Mooney knows the names of these yeggs it is his duty to publish them, and it is Liberty's duty to help put them where they belong.—*John R. Wilson.*

FIVE WELLS IN ONE

Kansas City, Mo.—In reply to the second question in the "Twenty Questions" in August 3 Liberty, I have written the following sentence using "well" as a noun, an adjective, an adverb, a verb, and an interjection:

"Well! Well!" the widow cried as tears of joy welled in her eyes. "It is well with me, and right well have I fared, that the oil well on my farm has at last been brought in."—*C. H. Weiser.*

WHAT KIND OF GRAPES?

West Palm Beach, Fla.—Just finished reading "Hunting Headlines on Health-Lines" by Mr. Floyd Gibbons in your June 22 Liberty, and it got me quite excited.

Would he advise me just what this "big job" put in her water to keep her cylinder going so good for thirty-five days without eats; also, what kind of grapes this boy friend of his ate to make him so healthful?

It is not that I question the facts, but the season in Palm Beach is over until next winter, and being an automobile salesman the information would come in very handy during my lean months ahead.—*J. C. Garland.*

[Dansville, N. Y.—People taking the grape cure usually take the Concord grapes, beginning with two ounces of grapes at each of seven meals a day, gradually increasing the quantity until one takes half a pound at a meal or three and a half pounds a day. The grapes are washed down with copious drinks of water. The skin of the grape is eaten as well as the pulp. One prepares for the grape cure by taking an orange-juice diet for two days beforehand. The grape diet can be continued as long as may be thought necessary.—*Charles A. Clinton, M.D., of Physical Culture Hotel, Inc.*]

ROBOT TEACHERS!

Los Angeles, Calif.—The first thing to do to reform education is to establish a school for teachers that will turn out something besides robots.—*Criticus.*

HAILE SELASSIE AND SOLOMON

Houston, Tex.—Can any Vox Popper answer this one? The Emperor of Ethiopia claims King Solomon for one of his ancestors. But as every man has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, the number must double itself three times in each century. Counting three generations to a century it takes about eighty-seven generations to get back to Solomon, and I can't find a barn door wide enough to hold all the figures!

Is it possible there were that many people on earth when the Queen of Sheba visited the great king?—*Horatio.*

REDS . . . MOSCOW . . . LIBERTY

Ridgewood, N. J.—In a dozen years of writing I have had just one flareback on copy—the "you're a liar" charge, with threat of suit, from Labor Leader Green regarding the Camden shipyard strike as presented in the Communist articles by Matthew Woll and myself in Liberty (January 19 and February 2 of this year).

The president of New York Shipbuilding now has formally made in Washington—*re* the latest strike—the charge we made *re* the previous one.

Likewise, Moscow dispatches from Third International gave what might be termed "official confirmation" of our copy on American activity. Rather astonishing, that!—*Earl Reeves.*

BROOKLINE, MASS.—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CONCERT WITH ITS AGGREGATION OF STUPENDOUS ARTISTS? SOME MUSIC IN THE AIR, EH, WHAT?

WASHINGTON SERENADE

Program

Overture:	"Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing". (Cuckoo Refrain)	The Senate and the House
Bagpipes:	"Silver Threads Among the Gold"	Coughlin
Flute Solo:	"Old Folks at Home"	Sinclair
Choristers:	"You're the Top"	Cabinet
Harpist:	"Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground"	Johnson
Lyre:	"I Saw Stars"	Long
Fiddlers:	"I Believe in Miracles"	Brain Trust
Trumpeter:	"I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby"	Bonus Seeker
Harmonica:	"My Little Gray Home in the West"	Farmer Brown
Finale:	"It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man"	Supreme Court

By Special Invitation

Organ Recital:	"I Hear You Calling Me"	Hoover

—*J. E. Crowley.*

"VAS YOU DERE, SHARLEY?"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—After reading Richard Halliburton's book, "The Royal Road to Romance," in which he "admits" having done everything, but was too modest to say he drove into Mount Vesuvius and sailed to safety on the molten lava as well as perhaps slaying a fully grown crocodile with his bare hands—

I could never believe anything he wrote, such as his article in July 27 Liberty "I Killed the Czar."—*J. M. Keenan.*

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Ermakov did not participate in the assassination of the Czar's family.

Three commissars murdered the royal family—Jurowsky, Goloschekin, Workoff—and seven soldiers: three Russians and four Hungarians.—*Sergius M. Trufanoff.*

THANK YOU, MILORD

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Let me tell you that Liberty hobnobs with the best of them!

Today (July 16) I heard Lord Baden-Powell, Boy Scouts' chief, quote at length from your Abraham Faber article, "Why Did I Die in the Chair?" (July 13), in his NBC broadcast.

It was wonderful to realize that such a man found his text in your pages and sent it forth to millions.

And was I thrilled to know that my favorite magazine was actually on His Lordship's lips!—*Mrs. Peter Kamp.*

TWENTY-FIVE-CENT DEMOCRATS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The Democrats are all enthused over a plan to "soak the rich." That's natural for Democrats. I never yet saw a Democrat who ever had more than twenty-five cents to his name at any one time. Democrats are naturally envious of people who are successful. Failures themselves, they hate the men who have made this country into a great nation.

The Democratic Party is made up of failures. Men who talk much. A typical Democrat reminds me of a type who hung around the general store in my home town. He ate the grocer's crackers and told bystanders what *he* would do if he were the government! Then, when he was sure his wife and sons had all the chores done at the farm, he'd go home to supper. The most important legal or economic business he ever transacted was to put his name on the paper that mortgaged his farm!

The average Democrat is as poor as a church mouse and not one half as energetic. The more intelligent of them are merely dreamers. The meanest of them are merely wreckers. That's the Democrat of yesterday and it is the Democrat of today!—*James Moultrie Pierpont Morgan.*

"ARE WORKERS COURTING DISASTER?"

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—How it rejoiced me to read Liberty's editorial, "Are Workers Courting Disaster?" (August 10). And I can give an emphatic answer, *Yes!* for I have been one of them for the past fifty years and know whereof I speak.—*Louis L. Ballou.*

COMANCHE, OKLA.—Being a workman, editorials like Mr. Macfadden's "Are Workers Courting Disaster?" make me sick. We have outlived the individualistic day, and are well on our way to a collective co-operative age, when the necessaries of life will be made to enhance the happiness of our people instead of pile up fortunes for a chosen few.—"*Dad*" *Hart.*

"I RESENT INACCURACIES"

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—I have read Clara Beranger's article, "Hollywood Women Nobody Knows," in July 6 Liberty, and I resent her inaccuracies in regard to the material she wrote about me.

I am not a middle-aged German woman. I am an American citizen; and it would not seem immodest if I resented also her reference to me as middle-aged. Many of the people mentioned in the article I happen to know—and Miss Beranger's material is very inaccurate.—*Edith Hubner.*

"TO LERN REAL WRECKIN'"

EUGENE, OREG.—All us radicals and Reds read your magazine, and mebby we will disband at our next meetin' on account of not havin' nothin' to do. We couldn't wreck no government as fast as these here 1 hundred per centers and their sidekicks. We gotta go lern us somethin' about real wreckin'.—*Bruce Cole.*

FAST WORKER

DETROIT, MICH.—I wonder if Crosby Prentice (August 10 Vox Pop) ever worked where the client is always right, and where, if he asks the impossible, he gets it!

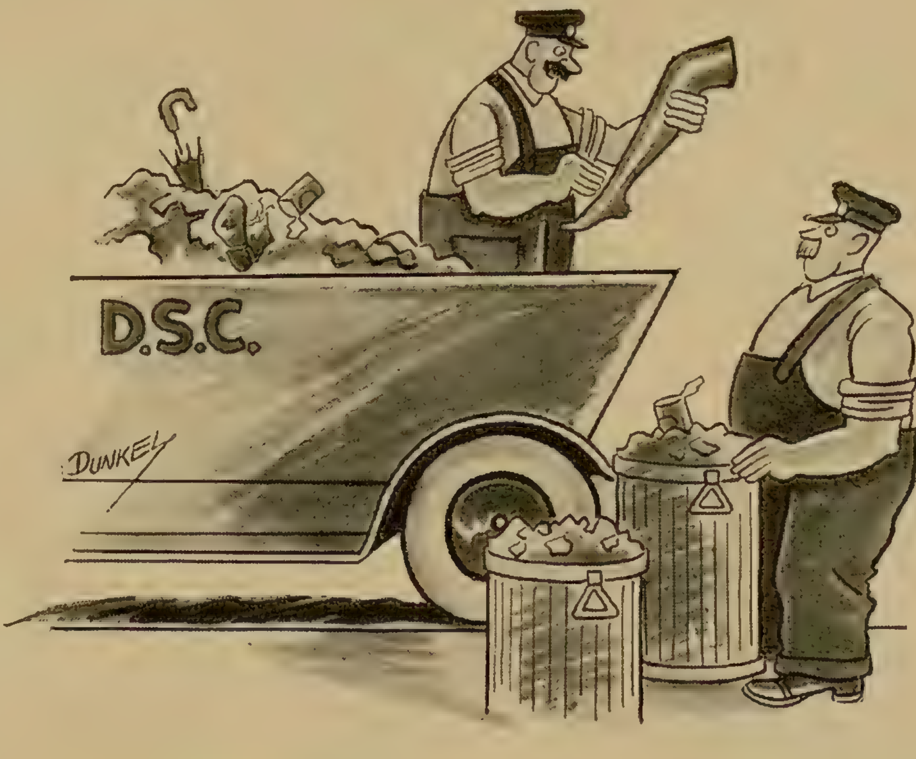
Good swift stenographers don't only take dictation and transcribe their notes in the time mentioned by Marian Sims, but some of 'em (and I'm one) can do it in less time than that! And I'm not modern, either. I've been at the game fourteen years now and am still going strong.—*A Darned Good Stenographer.*

SAVED PAGE...NOSED THUMB

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Almost three years ago (November 12, 1932) I saved one page from a Liberty Magazine. I still have that page and still feel like a different person every time I read it.

The title of the article, which takes only 5 minutes and 40 seconds to read, is "The Art of Owing Money."

Is it possible for Liberty to reprint that same article word for word? Honestly, my copy is beginning to show "wear and tear" from numerous readings and I would like to have another one. After reading "The Art of Owing Money" one time, I forgot I was a lady and thumbed my nose at all my creditors, because *I* knew my husband was, and is, honest and intends to pay everybody—though it may be slow, it's sure!—*Just a Memphis Housewife.*



"I'm going to take it home an' make the wife jealous!"

Hamburgers FOR TWO

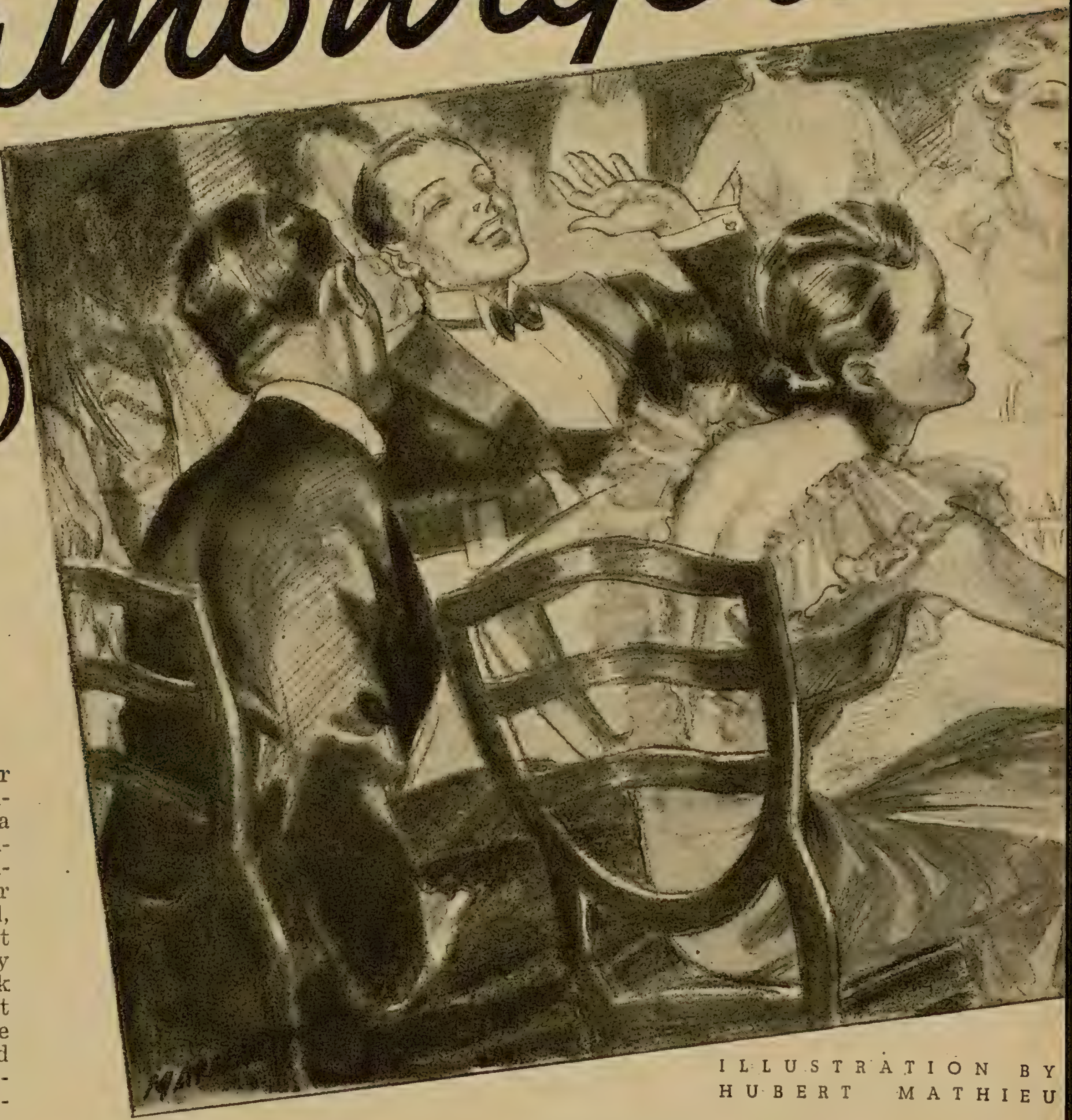


ILLUSTRATION BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

READING TIME
25 MINUTES

WHILE newspaper columnists are usually reporters with a literary flair, George Qualters, who conducted a column on a New York paper called The Inquiring Mind, was a former assistant professor of psychology who had written a book which was so wrong about everything that it made him a reputation and jerked him from a freshwater college into a metropolitan newspaper office.

In his column Qualters did not hesitate to advise kings, presidents, bankers, and even lovers. That he was widely read was due to a certain whimsicality mingled with an inoffensive positiveness and a talent for provoking controversy which is meat and drink to a newspaper.

Though it was George's opinion that he had an inquiring mind, those who knew him denied it. They asserted that he formed opinions without reason and made inquiries only for the purpose of bolstering up whatever happened to be his stance. When motivated by a thirst for corroborative evidence, he was without self-consciousness and would thrust himself brusquely upon strangers and discharge questions at them like a county prosecutor.

Upon a certain night he was sitting alone in a hotel café wishing that somebody would come in and sit near him so that he could start a conversation.

When he had been there half an hour, the headwaiter brought over a large party and placed them next to George. There were three girls and three boys of college freshman age accompanied by a young woman more mature than the others. They were charming kids in snappy attire who were full of vitality and who began to chatter like a forest full of magpies.

Into the gray eyes of George Qualters came a flicker of interest, because, at the moment, George needed some firsthand dope on Youth.

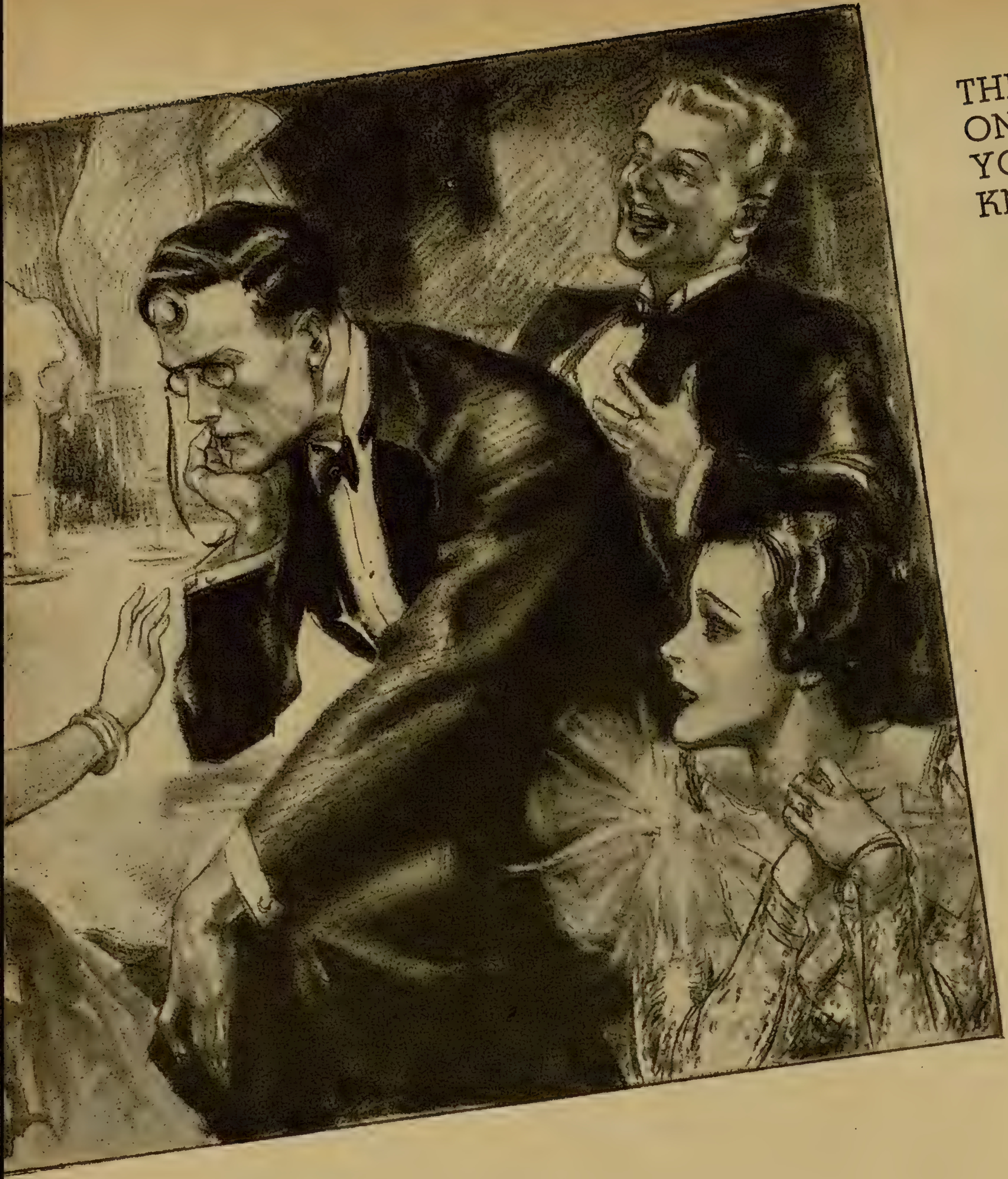
The mature young woman he observed with a different kind of interest, as he was not a person unappreciative of feminine pulchritude, and this girl was yellow-haired and had fine blue eyes and was generally attractive. She was the sort of girl with whom a fellow like George Qualters would be willing to sit down and talk to for hours.

When a person interested George he was apt to stare, so he met her eyes, and a faint smile appeared upon her nice red lips which might have been due to the fact that George was a lean tall earnest man of thirty with good features and was a type which had a certain appeal for young women who preferred older men.

With his eyeglasses and black ribbon and his obvious cocksureness he might easily have been mistaken for a New Deal professor.

Although George had never been in love nor ever had had the privilege of listening in when a young couple were making love, he had recently asserted in his column that modern young folks had no sentiment in their make-up and would be ashamed to use the endearing expressions so popular with fiction writers who were attempting to report proposals of marriage.

THE STORY OF WHAT ONE MUCH TOO WISE YOUNG MAN DID NOT KNOW—ABOUT LOVE!



Two boys sang a song of ancient vintage which goes, "Mush, mush, mush." The applause was deafening.

by FRED MacISAAC

Readers immediately wrote in to assure him that he was wrong, as usual, so George was delighted to learn from the chatter at the next table that modern youth expresses itself starkly.

"Come, Battleship," said a young man to a girl who was on the plump side. "I'll tow you over the dance floor."

She rose without rancor to accept his invidious invitation.

When the orchestra went out for air, persiflage among the kids became more piquant and personalities more bitter, yet resentment did not rear its ugly head. And presently there came a lull.

That this was a self-sufficient group of young strangers meant nothing to George, nor did it occur to him that two of the youths who looked like football players might slay him. He stepped to the table and beamed down upon its occupants.

"Since dancing can't be done without music," he remarked with his very disarming smile, "and we all have time on our hands, I would like to ask you young people some questions."

All heads twisted in his direction. There was a pregnant second. In his picturesque career it is probable that George had never come so close to being a hospital case. A young girl giggled, however, and then the largest young man, whose shoulders would have fitted a truck driver, grinned at him good-naturedly.

"Move in, professor," he invited. "I'll play anything except that game called animal, vegetable, or mineral."

George seated himself between the large youth whose hair was so blond that it was almost white and a pert little brunette of seventeen who made a grimace because she hated to have old people very near her.

"I'm a newspaper columnist by the name of George Qualters," he stated.

"We never heard of you," declared the blond youth. "But proceed."

The mature young woman spoke in a voice which suggested honey and bottled laughter. "Don't be offended. They can't read."

"They don't read," stated George in his most dogmatic manner, "because they are too intelligent to bother with the sort of stuff that is being written." He bathed them in a smile that was supposed to persuade them that here was one who understood and sympathized. "These fine young people know what's what; they are products of the mechanical age; they are bright, hard, sharp as swords—" "And thirsty as hell," said, in mellifluous tones, a vivid brunette across the table.

George snapped his fingers at a waiter. "Beverages," he commanded. "The other day I expressed myself upon the subject of love stories. I contended that modern young people do not care for 'mush.'"

Two boys began to sing. They sang a verse of a song of ancient vintage which goes, "Mush, mush, mush, too-re-la-li, mush, mush, mush, too-ra-loo." The applause was deafening. The mature young woman smothered her mirth and affected indignation.

"I'm ashamed of you kids," she declared. "I read Mr. Qualters's brilliant column frequently. It's an honor to have him with us—at the moment he is buying drinks. Behave yourselves."

George bowed to her and smiled at her. "You are very kind," he said. "I intruded because I wish to get the opinions of these young people. Now I contend that the moon is shopworn, that canoes are obsolete, and that garden seats are apt to have green paint on them. I am convinced that when young men and women are mutually attracted they discuss the matter without hyperbole—"

"Assistance!" cried the little dark girl at his left. "What's hyperbole?"

"Mush. Young lady, if a boy told you that you were the light of his life and his guiding star, what would be your opinion of him?"

"I would assume that he was plastered," the girl said gravely.

George beamed. "Of course. Now, young man"—this to the huge boy with blond hair at his side—"if you were drawn to a girl and wished to fascinate her, would you use baby talk?"

"Between ourselves," said the young man with apparent candor, "I've found that the thing to do is to take 'em for a walk and trip 'em up."

The uproar at the table caused the manager to come over and remind them that they were not alone in the Sahara desert.

After that the mature young woman leaned her elbows on the table and cupped her chin with the palms of her hands and smiled quizzically at George.

"I read your discourse upon the methods of modern lovers," she said. "You maintain that they are shy—that they reveal their tenderness by actions, not words—that they arrive at what might be called a tacit understanding. For example, at a psychological moment the boy takes the girl into a lunchroom, leans toward her, and says softly, 'Have a hamburger?' She realizes that it is a declaration. She shyly whispers 'Yes.'"

"That's all that's necessary," declared George. "Because they understand each other."

"But suppose," asked a red-headed girl at the end of the table, "that she loathed hamburgers? She would have to say 'no' and blight his life."

George had an answer, but the band struck up and with one accord the goslings rose and danced. The mature young woman smiled, very friendly, at George. She said: "Come and sit over here beside me, unless you prefer to dance."

He went round the table and sat down beside her. "What's your name and how old are you?"

"Rosamund Reynolds," she answered. "Old enough to vote. The boy beside you is my brother Bill. I'm giving the kids a party. You realize that they consider you a nut."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Point is, I found out what I wanted to find out."

SHE laughed gaily. "You're just a little mad, aren't you? Do you imagine that these kids would tell you what they really think about love?"

"They did," he asserted complacently.

"Of course you're not married?"

"Certainly not. Are you?"

"No. I'm sure you've never been in love."

"I've been excited about a girl or two in my time, but—well—I guess I wasn't in what you call love."

The young woman was gazing toward the exit and a curious sort of smile appeared upon her lovely face.

"Did you wish to ask the youngsters more questions?" she inquired.

"Sure. A fellow my age doesn't get in with a crowd of college kids and have a chance to get their angle— What are you laughing at?"

"Are you naïve enough to think you can sit down with adolescents and pick their minds? Don't you know they would die rather than tell you how they feel about sacred things?"

"I believe an honest question gets an honest answer."

She shrugged. "In that case, it's a pity. The young monkeys have run out on us."

"You mean they've left you?" he gasped.

She smiled and nodded. "And my brother Bill stole my handbag. Of course I can phone home for money."

"Don't think of it," he requested. "Why should they do this?"

"They think we're superannuated," she explained. "And they probably haven't two dollars among them. And a trick like this strikes the young mind as exquisite."

"Well," stated George, "it's the shank of the evening and I'd rather talk to you than a lot of whirling dervishes. And I got what I wanted from them."

She lighted a cigarette, George being too slow with his match. "Am I wrong, or are you not an opinionated person?" she inquired.

"You're dead wrong. I'm an open-minded fellow. I go round observing people and listening to what they say—"

"Your eavesdropping doesn't do you any good because you've formed your opinion and credit only what confirms it. For example, you sat down with us for proof that the youthful idea is what you think it is. You received no information whatever."

"YOU think so? Now let me tell you something. I have a theory that you can't lick climate. America has a savage climate—civilization cannot survive here. Each generation is more brutal than the preceding, and we will become savages in a few hundred years, with red skins, as nature intended. Making allowances for your relationship to one of them, these kids are a band of howling whooping aborigines—look what they did to you; they're heartless and tough."

"And not likely to become mushy," she said with a little laugh.

"Under no circumstances. Nor you, for that matter."

"I hope not. If you'll loan me the money for my part of the check, I'll go home."

"I'm paying."

"Then I'll have to leave you."

George stared at her thoughtfully. This was a beautiful but very wrong-headed young female. She had a nerve to call him opinionated. She was a girl, however, that made a fellow feel like talking. It was pleasant to sit beside her. She had a pinkish evening gown, cut low, and there was a curve of the breast that was gratifying to one sitting in his position, and her cheek was like pink satin, and those gold lashes of hers were so long, it was a wonder they weren't a nuisance to her. And there was some very disturbing perfume emanating from her.

"I don't deny sex attraction," he said. "I know there are occasions when nothing would be more pleasant than to have your arms around a nice girl. What I claim is that when people feel like that they don't quote Swinburne and Shakespeare."

"I'm told that a lot of original poetry is inspired under such circumstances," she said, laughing. "And good night."

"I'll loan you the money if you won't let me pay," he said eagerly. "And you look to me like a girl who would appreciate real German beer."

"You mean I look blowzy?"

He scowled. "No, damn it! I mean I'll loan you the money if you and I take a cab to a German place downtown where I'll be able to tell you my views on a lot of things."

"The beer sounds attractive," she said with a glance that caused him to color. "Must I agree with your views?"

"You'll find them incontrovertible."

She turned and stared at him enigmatically. She had a short upper lip and a full lower lip and a small straight nose and a dimple which appeared in her left cheek when she smiled which, with the flash of her gleaming white teeth, was hard on a fellow.

"You want an audience," she charged. "If not me, you would use a Chinaman or a bootblack."

George looked hurt. "While you don't appear to like me," he said stiffly, "I wish to state that, for some reason that I cannot explain, I prefer you to people like that."

"If I hadn't been at this table would you have forced yourself into the party?"

"I had to find out something," he said honestly, "so I would have wanted to come over, but I probably wouldn't have had the nerve if you hadn't looked like a good fellow."

She laughed and nodded. "All right. If you will remove that idiotic black ribbon from your glasses I'll go to this German place and drink a glass of beer and listen to you talk until I get sleepy."

"You won't get sleepy listening to me talk," he said confidently.

With her mink coat wrapped around her, the girl seated herself in one corner of the taxicab and George seated himself in the other corner so as to have room to cross his long legs. Having removed the ribbon from his glasses, they slid off, so he put them in his vest pocket.

"While it's none of my business," he said, "I'd like to know if you've had any experience in this proposal stuff."

"Yes," she replied. "Several experiences."

He leaned forward eagerly. "Now we're getting somewhere. Now we can have facts. These proposals were like this: 'I am very much interested in you and I think we could get along all right, so why not get married—'"

"They were not," she said tartly.

"You mean to say these guys were mushy?"

"I prefer to say they were eloquent."

He laughed a little incredulously. "They compared you to flowers?"

"One of my friends quoted the poem, 'Thou art so like a flower.'"

"Humph. Probably stewed," he commented scornfully.

The girl leaned forward to open the front window. "I've had enough of you," she said angrily.

George refused to let her open the window.

"You appear to have misunderstood me," he said as apologetically as he could manage. "I don't mean he'd have to be stewed to want to marry you, but I can't figure how a man in his senses could pull that kind of stuff."

"And nothing which you can't figure out can possibly happen," she retorted, but she leaned back once more on the cushions. "I'm sure a brilliant person like you, if you happened to want to marry a girl tremendously, would find some charming and convincing way to tell her that you loved her."

"I'D say that I found her congenial—"

"What a loathsome word!"

"Well, companionable. I'd say 'I enjoy talking to you and going around with you more than I do with anybody else, so the convenient thing for us to do is to get married,' and if she felt the same way, she would say, 'I think that's a pretty good idea,' so how the hell would Swinburne get into the conversation?— You've the funniest idea of what's funny."

"I—I can't help it," she said brokenly. "Mr. Qualters, I imagine the poets intrude when a couple consider matrimony as something more than an uninterrupted conversation."

"Well, here's Weber's!" exclaimed George. He got out and paid the taxi and reached in and took her hand to help her out. He felt a tingling sensation which began in his palm, as her palm touched it, and ran up his arm.

They settled themselves in a corner of an ancient German restaurant which remains open all night. The girl threw back her heavy furs and emerged gold and pink and delectable.

"I shouldn't have come," she stated. "I could have pursued the kids. I suspect they went to the Pigale. I don't imagine, however, that unconventionality is apt to shock you."

George laughed heartily. "I should say not," he declared. "I see no harm in people speaking to each other and, if they are interested, in sitting up all night in discussion of matters of moment."

Rosamund smiled. "Is that your program? Because I'm going to drink one glass of beer and go home."

WHEN she made that statement it was not yet midnight, but at 3 A. M. she had not gone home.

Rosamund was a young woman who lived in a groove where she met normal persons of pedigree and a talent for boring her. Looking back over her twenty-four years, she couldn't remember ever having enjoyed herself as much as tonight.

George struck her as a fantastic blend. She thought he was one of the worst-informed and most plausible pleaders to whom she had ever listened. He had an unruly curl over his forehead which also interested her and she had an almost irresistible desire to lean over and pat it into place.

While he was not aware of it, George, as he jabbered, was revealing himself to the girl as a singularly decent person and one who was incredibly naïve. He seemed to be a young man in urgent need of a good mother. And when a young woman sees herself in the role of a mother to a young man, she is in a pretty bad way.

Miss Rosamund Reynolds happened to be one of the best horsewomen, one of the finest tennis players, and one of the most popular members of her set, which was the best set New York has had to offer since the Depression. Her pictures had appeared frequently in the social section of George's Sunday paper, but of course he never looked at the social section. Anyway, there sat this remarkable young woman hanging breathless on the words of a person whom a lot of his acquaintances believed not to be quite right in the head.

It came to be a quarter of four, and then a young man in evening dress who had entered with several other men appeared at their table. George glanced at him without seeing him and finished his paragraph.

"Rosamund," said the young man severely, "why, what, and who?"

"Hello, Tom," said Rosamund. "This is Mr. Qualters, who is a famous columnist and who is talking about something. Sit down, if you like."

Tom Terry sat down and stared with disapproval at George Qualters. George nodded indifferently and was about to follow his thought to its illogical conclusion when the fellow started talking to Rosamund about a dance at a Mrs. Bishop's the previous night. Lots of names came into their conversation. Rosamund talked with much animation about Mrs. Bishop's ball. In the opinion of George, this was the most banal conversation to which he had ever listened. He endeavored to convey to the young woman by mental suggestion that they should get rid of this fellow but seemed unable to tune in on her.

After a few minutes he stood up. "Pardon me for a moment," he requested aggrievedly. Rosamund nodded absently. George walked into the bar and stationed himself where he could watch his table. Apparently they were not missing him. He demanded a Scotch whisky. As everybody knows, Scotch should not be used for a beer chaser. It would serve her right, he told himself, if he walked out on her as the kids uptown had done. Just when their discussion was becoming absorbing she had let in this interloper.

He ordered another Scotch. He didn't want to walk out on her. This was a very fine girl and a most intelligent listener and one who was so beautiful that she was a menace to people's peace of mind. It was very probable that she had something to do with his arm tingling when he had taken her hand at the taxicab; that it wasn't impeded circulation at all.

While this fellow in there might be one who attended balls at Mrs. Bishop's and was exceptionally well built and damn good-looking, he must have very bad manners to butt in on a twosome the way he had done, so the thing to do was to go back and remind him that he ought to be going. After all, whose party was this?

George set down his empty glass and walked purposefully back to his table. Rosamund threw him a welcoming smile but George did not sit down. Instead he placed both palms on the table, leaned across, and spoke clearly and emphatically to the visitor.

"Mr. Terry, you have been here long enough. It would be very nice for all concerned if you would go back where you came from, because I happen to be this lady's escort."

Rosamund may be described as looking very much aghast. Mr. Terry's face grew very red and he rose with much dignity.

"I am an old friend of Miss Reynolds," he stated. "You met her, I understand, most casually. You have no business bringing her to a place like this. I suggest that you take yourself off. I'll see that she gets home."

"Ah," cried George Scotchfully, "so that's the way it is! Well, now, Mr. Terry, I propose that we excuse ourselves and go out on the sidewalk—"

Rosamund was up. "Stop!" she commanded. "One might think I was a lay figure and not a person. Suppose you two listen to me. George, Mr. Terry is my friend and, as such, is entitled to courtesy. He was kind enough to sit with me while you were in that bar drinking whiskies. I could see you from here. You returned and were outrageously rude. If you will apologize to Mr. Terry, he will leave us and we'll leave also, because it's after four in the morning."

It should be explained that it was rare for George Qualters to drink anything but beer and an occasional sherry, and the whiskies had been more of a protest against Mr. Terry than anything else, but he had had them and the cold light of reason was not shining for him at the moment.

"I did not like Mr. Terry at any time," he declared. "I did not need him at our table. As he had no business butting in, I am not going to apologize to him, because he is leaving anyway."

The beautiful eyes of Miss Reynolds became two gleaming blue slits and her beautiful cheeks became scarlet, and, figuratively speaking, smoke poured out of her delicate nostrils.

"I shall say good night, Mr. Qualters," she said in a high-pitched voice. "You are impossible, Mr. Qualters. Please take me home, Tom."

THEY moved toward the exit while George gazed after them with the sensation of one who had been shot in the stomach. It was true he had no business to insult the fellow, but here was a girl he had been with for hours and with whom he had been getting along fine and he had a right to resent a fellow coming over and talking about Mrs. Bishop's ball. The thing to do was to let her go; she was by no means the estimable young woman he had supposed her to be—she was bad-tempered.

He moved slowly after the couple. They were leaving the cloakroom when he gave his check to the attendant. They were standing on the curb and a taxi was approaching as he stepped outside. Now Terry was helping her into the taxi, which was the end, as it was most improbable that he, George, ever would see her again.

And all of a sudden George Qualters, the thinker and talker, became a person of violent action. A big bony shoulder crashed against the side of Tom Terry and sent him sprawling. The taxi door slammed and the semisomnolent driver stepped on the gas.

"Well!" ejaculated Rosamund. "Of all the outrageous—"

There was a menacing growl from George Qualters. His long arms wrapped themselves around the girl and pulled her violently against his big chest. His lips found hers and pressed against them viciously. Apparently fear and astonishment prevented her from defending herself. By and by George stopped kissing Rosamund. He released her and sort of slunk into his corner of the taxi.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I don't know what made me do that."

"I thought there was nothing which you couldn't explain," she said scornfully. "I'm shocked inexpressibly. How dare you assault Mr. Terry?"

"I—I don't know what made me do that either," George said pitifully.

"He found me with a stranger in a downtown beer hall at four in the morning. He will be furiously angry. I'm afraid he may talk—"

"So he may talk, eh? Well, I'll get out and take another taxi and I'll find Mr. Terry—" cried George excitedly.

"Do you suppose I'm going home alone at this hour?" she cried sharply. "You stay where you are, George Qualters."

He had half risen but sank back on the cushions obediently. She sat as far from him as she could get. The cab rattled uptown. George was sunk in meditation. What had caused him to grab Rosamund and kiss her ferociously? Why had he hurled himself against the Terry person?

HE glanced up. She was staring at him, a peculiar smile on her sweet lips. He suddenly understood what had motivated him—or thought he understood. "It was the Scotch," he informed her. "I'm not used to it. I'll never take a drink of Scotch again so long as I live. How's that?"

He smiled at her hopefully.

She gave him a baleful glare. "Kindly don't speak to me," she requested earnestly.

There was another period of silence and silence was always very hard on George Qualters. He thought of a dozen interesting things to say and managed not to say them. And then Rosamund spoke. There was no longer wrath in her voice and her smile was quite friendly.

"The beer made me hungry," she stated.

"Well, well!" cried George heartily. "I'm hungry myself. We'll go eat, eh?"

She shook her head. "We're almost home, and there's a little place at the corner of my street."

A moment later she called to the driver to stop. The cab drew up in front of a hole-in-the-wall lunchroom. When George helped her out he felt that same tingling sensation when her hand touched him as before and he was pretty sure what caused it. And he had already come to the conclusion that it had not been the Scotch which had caused him to substitute himself for Mr. Terry in the taxicab.

Her little hand tucked itself inside his elbow as they entered the place. He helped her climb on a stool at the counter and seated himself beside her.

"What you got?" he demanded of the waiter.

"All we sell here are hamburgers and coffee," stated the man behind the counter.

George looked at Rosamund and she looked hastily away.

"You knew about this place—you suggested it," he said unsteadily.

Rosamund turned her head in his direction. "Uh-huh."

Her beautiful eyes were luminous. "Do you mind?" she asked softly.

"Do I mind! Rosamund, will—will you have a h-hamburger?"

"Yes," said Rosamund. Her voice was low.

"Hamburgers and coffee for two," commanded George. Her shoulder pressed shamelessly against his and the heart in Mr. Qualters's bosom was rolling over and over.

"Do you know," he said unsteadily, "that you are like a flower—a rose in a sweet old-fashioned garden, an exquisite full-blown rose gleaming with morning dew?"

Rosamund sunk her shoulder into his and smiled up at him.

"Go on—darling," she pleaded. "I love it, even if it is—mush."

"Mush!" cried George indignantly. "Mush? Nothing of the sort! It's a plain statement of fact."

THE END

CHEVROLET

MASTER DE LUXE
COACH

Quality is remembered all the more pleasantly when price is so low

It is pleasant to have possessions that reflect the *highest* standard of quality. And all the more pleasant when those possessions place such a light tax on the purse as the new Master De Luxe Chevrolet for 1935! Money cannot buy a motor car built to finer limits of precision or higher standards of quality manufacture than this Aristocrat of the low-price field. Money cannot buy a safer, more beautiful motor car body than Chevrolet's solid steel Turret-Top Body by Fisher. Or a smoother, more comfortable ride than Chevrolet's famous gliding Knee-Action Ride. Or surer, more dependable performance than the Master De Luxe Chevrolet gives to its owners. Yet you can buy a Master De Luxe Chevrolet at surprisingly low prices and count on it to give even greater fuel economy than the thrifty Chevrolets of previous years. Needless to say, Master De Luxe quality will be long remembered by all who purchase this car—and remembered all the more pleasantly because the price is so low!

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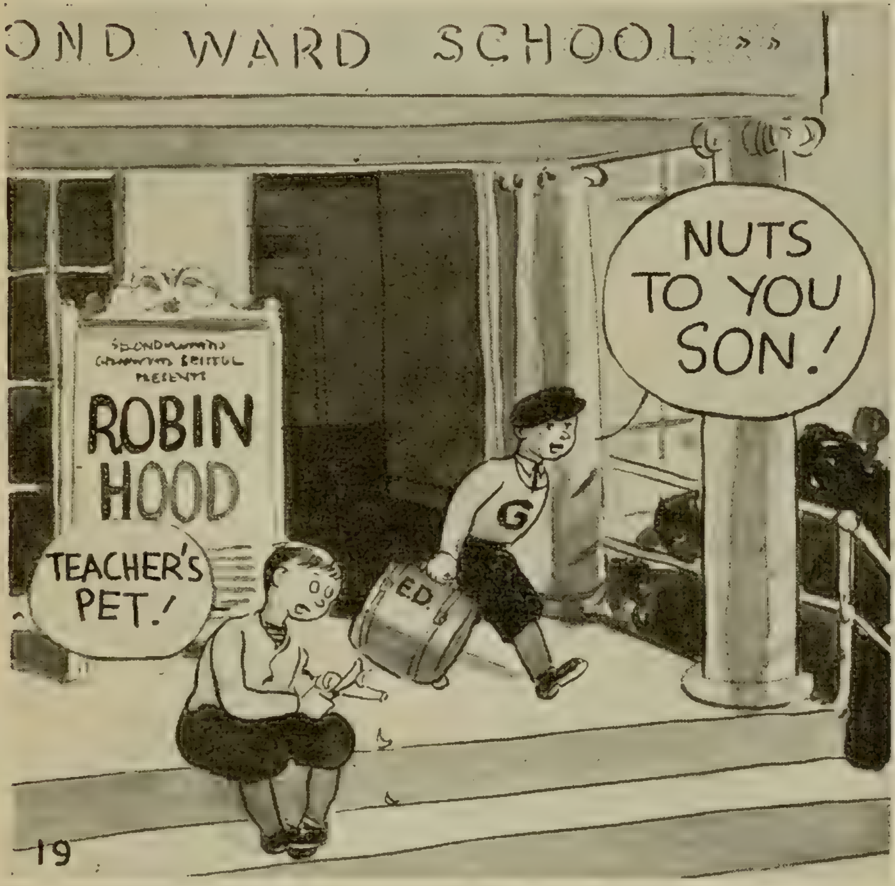
THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

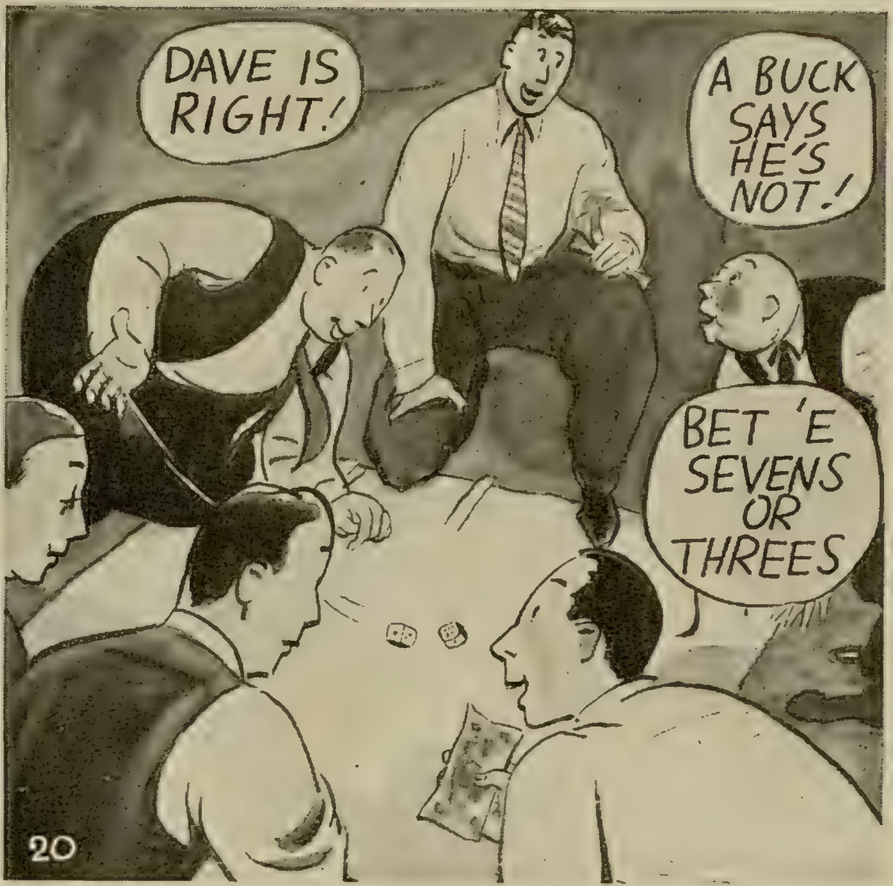
GAME OF MOVIE STARS

GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!



DRAWING NO. 19

NAME OF PLAYER...


DAVE IS RIGHT.!
A BUCK SAYS HE'S NOT.!
BET 'E SEVENS OR THREES
20

DRAWING NO. 20

NAME OF PLAYER...

●

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

●

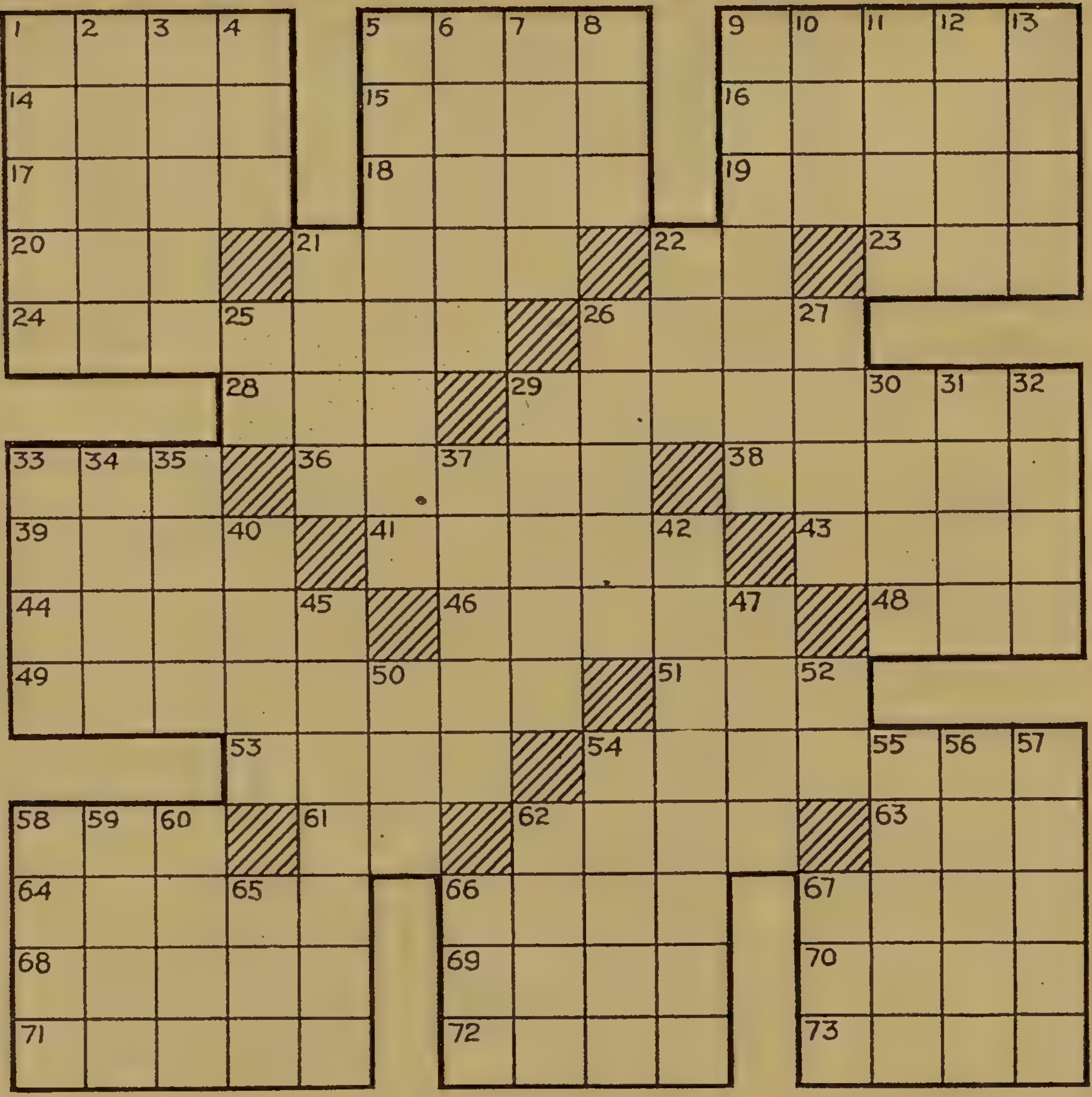
DO NOT SPEND TIME AND MONEY ON ELABORATE FANCYWORK

HERE'S the final hurdle! The above pair of drawings present the last obstacle in the Game of Movie Stars. When you have discovered the names they reveal, your set of twenty will be complete. And with all twenty names before you it should not prove difficult to select the subject for your statement of preference, in seventy-five or less words, called for in Rule 3.

As you prepare your contest material for presentation keep simplicity second only to accuracy. Do not go to the trouble and expense of making up an elaborately ornamented or tricky entry. Such entries will be accorded no preference. Experience shows that many contestants become so involved in constructing something elaborate that they let careless, obvious errors in their solutions escape them. Avoid this mistake in your own case. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty.

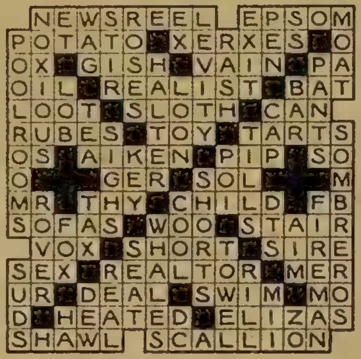
A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK!

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Burden
5 A state of profound insensibility
9 Devastation
14 East Indian buffalo
15 Pertaining to the mouth
16 A fruit
17 To follow behind
18 Small isolated mass of ore (geology)
19 One of the Leeward Islands
20 Greek letter
21 The Deseret state
22 An ejaculation
23 Equine quadruped
24 Surrendered by deed
26 Confident
28 Boggy land
29 State of timorousness
33 Twenty-second letter of the Hebrew alphabet
36 Vessel for heating liquids (plural)
38 Town in Italy
39 Converts to one's service
41 Shrub which bears an edible berry
43 Cry as with agony
44 Starts suddenly aside through fright
46 East Indian weight (plural)
48 Comprehend
49 Political follower
51 Falling weight of a pile driver
53 A kind of duck
54 Moves in a continuous flow
58 Those who are in office
61 Printer's measure



	N	E	W	S	R	E	E	L		E	P	S	O	M
P	O	T	A	T	O	■	X	E	R	X	E	S	■	O
O	X	■	G	I	S	H	■	V	A	I	N	■	P	A
O	I	L	■	R	E	A	L	I	S	T	■	B	A	T
L	O	O	T	■	S	L	O	T	H	■	C	A	N	
R	U	B	E	S	■	T	O	Y	■	T	A	R	T	S
O	S	■	A	I	K	E	N	■	P	I	P	■	S	O
O	■	■	■	G	E	R	■	S	O	L	■	■	■	M
M	R	■	T	H	Y	■	C	H	I	L	D	■	F	B
S	O	F	A	S	■	W	O	O	■	S	T	A	I	R
	V	O	X	■	S	H	O	R	T	■	S	I	R	E
S	E	X	■	R	E	A	L	T	O	R	■	M	E	R
U	R	■	D	E	A	L	■	S	W	I	M	■	M	O
D	■	H	E	A	T	E	D	■	E	L	I	Z	A	S
S	H	A	W	L		S	C	A	L	L	I	O	N	

Answer to last week's puzzle

62 Formed by interlacing a cord
63 Lawn-tennis term
64 Anguish (poetic)
66 Young of the coalfish
67 Situation
68 Avoid by subterfuge
69 A river in Russia
70 Declare positively
71 Glutted
72 Small bird of the West Indies
73 That which pertains to three things together

VERTICAL

1 Coming after the usual time
2 Harangue
3 Biblical name
4 The pigeon pea
5 Things included within specified limits
6 Mountain nymph
7 To squash
8 Octave above the treble staff
9 Woman's name
10 A beverage
11 Interjection expressing good will (Ital.)
12 Genus to which domestic sheep belong
13 In India a tax for a special project
21 One for whose use a thing is done (law)
22 Sing without articulation
25 Islet near Marseille
26 Henequen fiber
27 Whirlpool
29 Shoulder of the bolt of a lock
30 Anger (plural)
31 To swear to secrecy
32 American university
33 A long pointed tooth
34 County in North Carolina
35 Ore deposit
37 Pertaining to birth
40 Faction
42 Recently
45 Deviated from the proper course
47 Not expressible in rational numbers (math.)
50 Humanity in general
52 Seventeenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet
54 Procreated
55 Living
56 Measure of length
57 Austere
58 Day of the ancient Roman month
59 A new star
60 A lath
62 Edible rootstock of a tropical plant
65 Poem suited to be set to music
66 Cooking vessel
67 Rested

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST

"Magic Brain"
now joined by
"Magic Eye"

RCA VICTOR CONSOLE MODEL C-9-4...9-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye"; 3 long and short wave bands; "Colorband" range dial, which focuses attention on one wave band at a time; many other features. $118.50 f. o. b., Camden, N. J.

New thrills . . . new performance . . . more fascinating tone . . . all yours with a 1936 RCA Victor radio, combining the famous "Magic Brain" and radio's newest wonder—the "Magic Eye"!

The "Magic Brain", which has the world talking of its unequalled reproduction, works with superhuman precision. It brings you the station you want, when and how you want it.

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All 1936 RCA Victor sets have RCA Metal Tubes, plus many other features. See them!

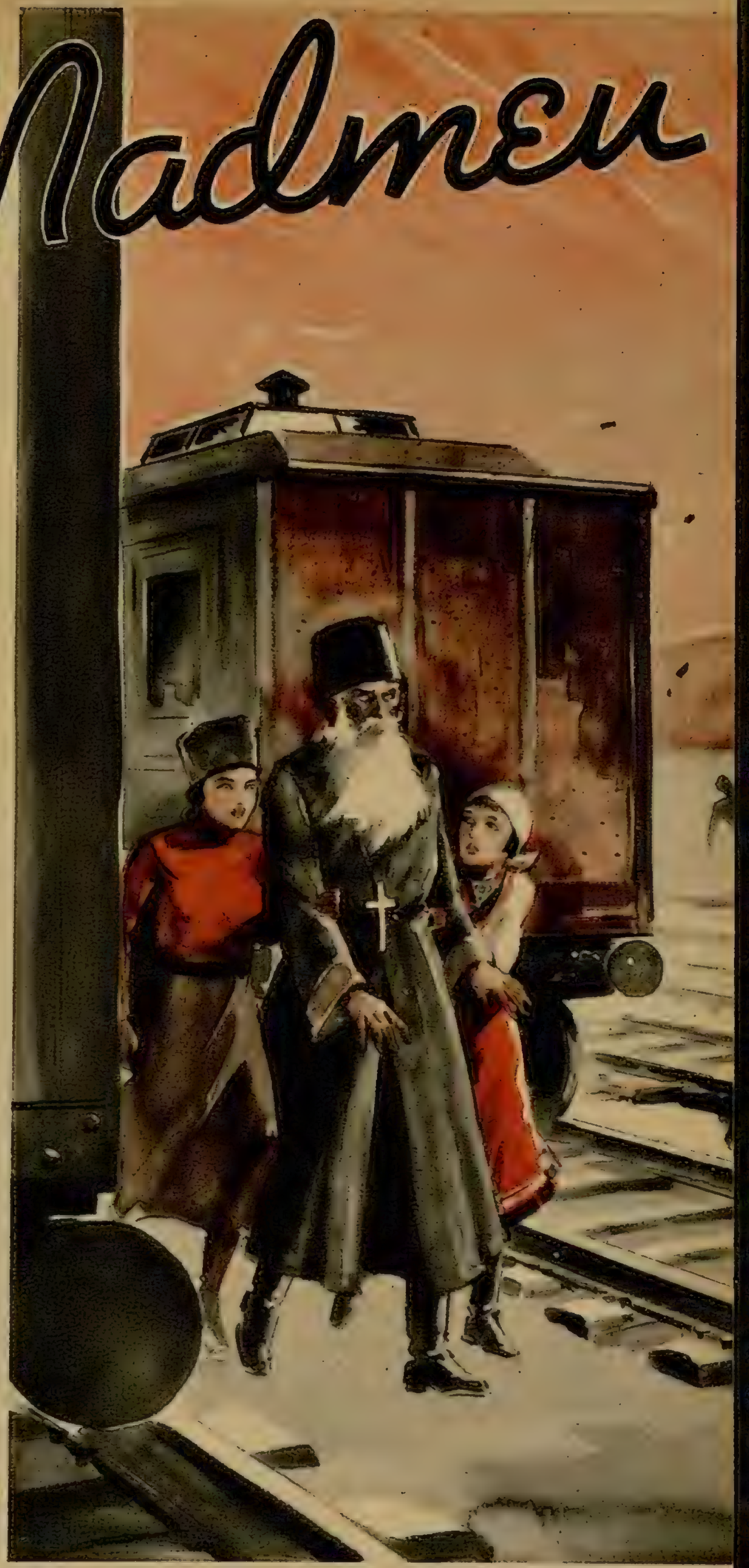
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes. You can now buy RCA Victor Radios on the C.I.T. Corp. easy payment plan.

RCA Victor

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

Flying Madmen



A Chapter of New, Bizarre Adventure in a Stirring Real - Life Saga of Daredevil Americans and Cossack Battlefields

by MARION ATEN, D.F.C.

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE Reds were coming, the demoralized remnants of Denikine's forces were crawling southward on trains—and there, stuck on a siding at Kupiansk, was B Flight. General Holman appeared, warned the airmen to entrain, got them an engine in time to save them from the Red cavalry. They were to withdraw to a new base at Taganrog; they found themselves in an endless flood of refugees, ravaged by typhus and smallpox and scourged by the pursuing Reds. At Taganrog they picked up Nina, badly wounded, and Olga, soon to have a Red baby. The attempt to make a stand there went to pieces; they must all push on eastward to Rostov, where a bridge crossed the Don. It was "thirty-seven miles of hell" and took B Flight's train eight days, during which poor Olga had her baby, killed it, and died.

The Reds were cutting in on the refugee flood; Kuban Cossacks were fighting them off. One of these was Kitty, and Red Johnson, with Captain Aten, rescued her from the murderous enemy. The situation looked hopeless. Everything had gone smash. The airmen, with girl refugees, were forgetting it all in a last wild fling when in walked an English temporary general nicknamed "Impromptu." His engine had gone dead. He drank with them, spoke them fairly—and appropriated their engine, leaving them to be butchered. "All right, Eddie," Kink said. "Fetch in the ballerinas. We'll end up smiling."

PART FOUR — THE RIVER OF DEATH

THE next morning was gloomy, inside and out. We were used to the outside gloom. Since the first frozen blast of sleet back on the Volga, the sun had not once broken the gray dome of clouds. Inside, we cherished a grayer and more despairing gloom. We had been shoved off on a siding. The trains were moving faster. The unending columns of refugees were rolling down and on over the horizon at panic speed, with artillery and even rifle salvos to spur them on.

We could see nothing for it but to abandon ship and, afoot, join the despairing flood pouring on to reach Rostov and the bridge before it was cut.

Noon came. We were grouped outside the train, trying to reach a decision, when an armored train puffed along the main track and came to a halt.

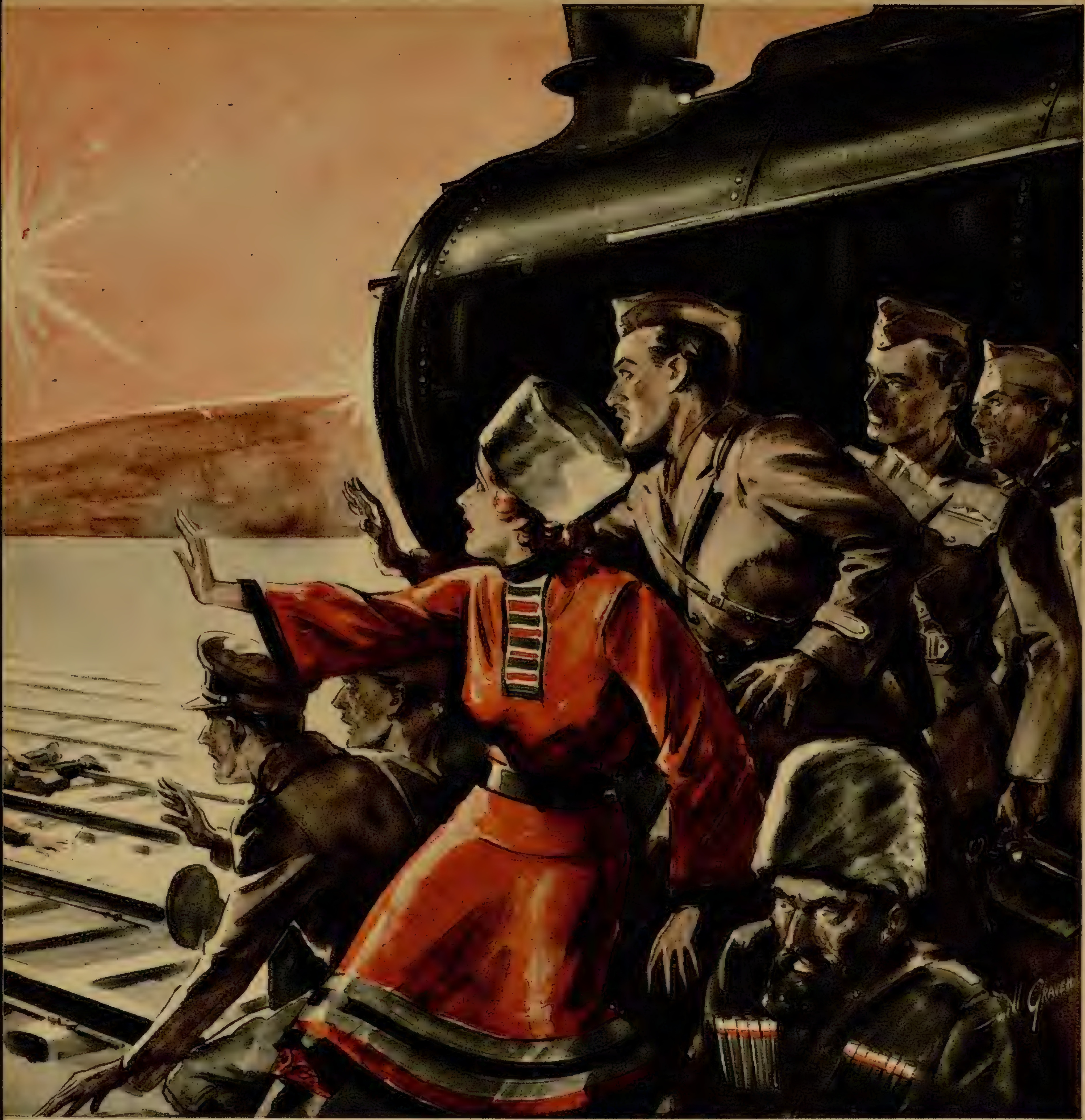
"*Prosnik!*" bellowed a lusty voice, followed by a chorus: "*Aeroplaniffs! Prosnik!*"

We stared. It was our old gang of the *prosnik* once again. Kink, with an oath of hope, dashed for the train and scrambled up the steel-slabbed side. After five minutes he scrambled down again, grinning all over.

"Get aboard! They wouldn't do it for any one else, but they'll give us a tow—"

And they did—aeroplaniffs, rum, girls, and all. By evening we had covered nearly three miles and looked out upon the wide mouth of the icebound Don. We were all but in Rostov itself.

So were the Reds, and the so-called Green Guards, banditti who killed and plundered indiscriminately. The sound of gunfire never ceased. Behind us, where trains were jammed endlessly, where the refugees of half Russia were still pouring along by the tens of thousands, the



devil's legions were at work full blast. The glare of burning trains was reflected on the clouds. Once again we could hear that queer sound of people, thousands of them, screaming and shrieking—a sound that chilled the blood, once you knew what it was.

Then the Reds hit our section.

The refugee train immediately behind us erupted into wild screams and shouts. Rifle fire began; volleys raked us, bullets poured into the trains. The armored train sent up some parachute flares and then let go with machine and field guns. Our own machine guns, ranged at the windows, joined in; those flares caught the Red cavalry against the snow, and they simply melted.

Some, however, had got aboard the refugee train; the screaming never ceased. The few Reds among those jammed and packed fugitives were killing in sheer insensate rage. They had to be exterminated like animals.

I grabbed a rifle, dropped off the train, and started to see the excitement. I held the rifle at my hip, and it was cocked. As I rounded the last car a dark figure rounded the end and we met head-on.

He fired point-blank with a pistol, the blaze searing my face; the flash seemed to pass right through my head.

I fired, the point of my rifle going into his stomach after the bullet. We fell together, with me on top.

He was blind. On either side of him was a girl, guiding him. We yelled frantically at them—in vain. Out into that open stretch came all three.

I was certain that I was dying. I wanted to pray, and I did pray—in curses. I repeated them over and over like a litany, until the man under me ceased to struggle. Then I felt for the wound in my head.

My hand was wet, but not from my own blood. I was unhurt. The realization shot through me. I lifted up and reached for the man beneath. My clenched fist, following the barrel of my rifle, went clean into his stomach. I got up and jerked at the rifle, and he groaned frightfully. Just then the train started up, and I dropped the rifle and fled. The snowflakes came in my face like the touch of a ghostly breath.

We clumped along, a few hundred yards at a time, and by morning were almost to Rostov. I took Nina's tea in to her and fed her. She could only move her right hand by this time. Her gray eyes looked up calmly at me.

"No one knows what will happen?" she asked. I nodded, tried to say something cheerful, and she smiled. "Get the medicine chest, will you?"

She rummaged around in it and got out a small phial. I did not look to see what it was, either. She tucked it under her blanket and smiled again as I departed.

We were coming into the city from the north and east. Ahead of us were the railroad yards and the bridge approach. Off to our left rose high reddish bluffs.

The big iron bridge went across the river to low wide flats; there the railroad line angled sharply off to the southward. From where we lay we could see part of that line on the south bank. It was packed and jammed solidly with trains.

General Holman examining the Lewis gun in a bomber's rear cockpit, preparatory to a reconnaissance over the Red front.

And we were literally in a moving sea of humanity, far as the eye could reach. This enormous horde of refugees was passing us and flowing down over the sea of rugged ice, and on to the southern shore.

What was worse, the refugee trains were emptying as well. The fugitives had but to scramble over the few separating miles of ice and crowd aboard the congested trains on the other side—if they could get on. Hence, many of the trains around us were abandoned utterly, or tenanted only by the sick and wounded.

Kink called up the men and put guards on the engines ahead to keep the firemen and engineers on the job, and keep the trains moving as opportunity afforded. Else they would have quit, naturally, blocking our way.

SLOWLY we worked forward. By midafternoon we reached the railroad yards, a quarter mile short of the bridge. These yards lay on a flat bank well above the river, and were bordered by the bluffs. Far out across the river was the south bank of the Don. Some artillery batteries and fragments of divisions were being formed there from the horde of fugitives.

General Brough, the British railway transport officer, was still at his post in the station. He heard of our arrival in the yards and came out to see us. He was a stern ice-cold man, exactly like his name—Bruff.

His report to us was grim.

He stated that only a few employees remained on duty, that the organization had ceased to function, and the handling of trains was left to the passengers.

"I'm remaining on duty all night," he concluded. "I hope there'll be a chance to get you across the bridge early in the morning. However, be prepared to leave the train and walk at a moment's notice."

Kink ordered emergency rations issued. We looked at the bridge, jammed with motionless trains, and at the trains jammed between us and the bridge; and wishing the general good luck with his job, we popped off to have a look at the city.

We were greeted by seventeen men in the first street we struck. They decorated the first seventeen trees in sight. Otherwise Rostov was deserted. The click of our heels echoed through the empty streets.

A battery of field guns clattered along. A weary troop of Don Cossacks passed. Nothing else. Shops were shuttered and houses empty; the place was like a graveyard. The few dogs we saw turned tail and ran without so much as a bark.

And in the middle of all this—my dears!—two girls in silk dresses red as flame, with red hats and glorious looted furs, came tripping toward us, giggling. They greeted us with a kiss on each cheek and a ringer on the lips, and chatted in broken French and English.

"BOLSHIES come quick—you no go? Come soon. *Fini Angloschyni!*" That meant Englishman. They thought it was a big joke, but it did not interest us. Neither did they. We headed back to the train.

When we got there we found Burns-Thompson with the one glimmer of good news. He had been to the base hospital at the edge of the city and had seen Russky. Good old Russky was actually recovering.

"He'll be up and around in a fortnight. I told him we'd see that he was exchanged first crack."

"Huh?" queried Kink. "You mean they're not going to evacuate the hospital?"

"Not a chance," Scotty said. "Five thousand and more officers packed in there, wounded and sick. A good staff of nurses and surgeons, many of 'em former Reds. Headquarters staff has left some prisoner commissars there to arrange protection when the Reds come. We'll see Russky at Ekaterinodar, right enough."

I was worried more about myself than about Russky, for the recurrent malaria had hit me hard. During an hour I tried to pack, and then decided to hell with it and threw everything back into the trunk.

The railroad yards around, although filled with trains and people, were smothered under an appalling silence. The flood of humanity was still pouring across the shelf under the bluffs, and across the rough ice. Behind, that flood extended out of sight, apparently endless. It would go on for days and days yet—unless stopped. And the snow behind it was littered with corpses.

When I turned in that night I had a temperature of a hundred and two. The gunfire, rolling closer, did not help it a bit. Suddenly, in the early dawn, I sat bolt upright, feverish and weak. Something had smashed the silence of the crowded yards below the bluffs. It was the tin-pan rattle of a Lewis gun. When the drum was empty, silence fell again for a little space.

I struggled into my clothes, feeling too weak even to roll downhill. Then the measured "ack-ack-ack" of a deep-toned Vickers machine gun broke out. It was so close that it fairly shook the frozen windowpanes. The bullets were close; they were whining with a rising inflection. Red Johnson popped in abruptly.

"Stranger knocking at the window," he said blithely. "Kitty's gone. A bunch of the Wolves picked her up an hour ago. She said her place was with them, dammit!"

"General Brough," we heard the sergeant of the guard calling. We turned out and Kinkead met him in the passage. The general looked as though he had never been to sleep in his life; but he answered Kink's salute with calm precision.

"I can't get your train through. The Red army is entering Rostov now. They're all around us. An icebreaker is coming down the river, breaking the ice to forestall pursuit across. In one hour the bridge is to be blown up. Withdraw your flight across the river without delay."

With another salute, he was gone to his post at the bridgehead.

"Well, that's the first definite order I've had in two months," said Kink. He turned to me. "Form the flight in marching order."

When I stepped outside the car I began—just began—to learn what hell was like. In the corpselike dawn a drizzle of rain was falling and freezing as it came down. The railroad yards were teeming with life; the trains were emptying, a rolling flood of foot refugees was engulfing everything in a frantic wave of panic.

The ice was aswarm with scurrying figures. On the bluffs above us the Vickers was spraying on them like a hose. They skipped and ran and fell. It was hard to realize how fast they were dying down there, a mere swarm of gnats under a poisonous spray.

ALONG those damned bluffs more machine guns came into action. Then, from the rear, a shrapnel barrage began to sweep the river, bridge, and south bank. There was no response until Kink had our machine guns open on the bluff and sweep it with bullets while we got formed up. Ahead of us lay the armored train, useless; our friends had skipped out.

Across the river on the wide flats, the growing daylight showed us the wreckage of an army being formed up. Ranks were wheeling into position, pitiful batteries of artillery massing in the rear, cavalry on the flanks; and shrapnel bursting over and among them all. The cannonade was heavier each moment as fresh Red batteries came into action.

Ahead of us, to the bridge, ran many parallel sidings jammed with abandoned trains; solidly across the bridge went the trains, promising coverage to us. Vain promise! All of us carried rations and a rifle or Lewis gun. As doctor, I toted a jug of rum.

A wounded Russian officer dragged himself from somewhere, imploring us to take him away. He could only lift the upper part of his body on his hands. Kink explained that it was doubtful if we could get ourselves away, much less carry any one. The officer became calm, and shifted his weight to one arm. Instead of speaking, he whipped out a pistol and shot himself through the head at Kink's very feet.

"Encouraging as hell," observed Eddie, then suddenly swung around

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to me. I read his look. I turned and clumped back to the empty train.

Nina lay there looking at me, her gray eyes calm. I tried to tell her, and could not get out the words. She understood, and smiled. Then she took out the medicine phial from under the blanket and held it up.

"I can't open it," she said quietly.

I pried out the cork with my knife, glanced at the bottle, and froze. "Hydrochlorate of Morphia." Her hand came out as I hesitated. I emptied the bottle into her hot palm, kissed her hot forehead, then turned and ran.

Outside, Kink was detailing Eddie and four men to set fire to the Camels and the store cars. Suddenly his voice failed. He glanced at the refugees thronged there around us, at a hospital train next to ours.

"As you were—the order's countermanded. That carload of bombs, dash it! Attention, flight; form fours! Right turn. By your left, quick march."

We moved toward the bridge.

By this time the daylight was gray and full. The drizzle of rain had ceased. Bullets from the bluffs all this while were spraying the railroad yards and splintering through the cars. The shrapnel over the river and flats was a continuous *crunch, crunch, crunch.* The hordes of refugees were screaming in panic. A mob followed us, pressing close as we marched between two lines of trains.

It did not strike any of us, until too late, that there was no crowd ahead.

We marched on. Ahead, we could see where the lines of sidings began to converge upon the double tracks that aimed for the bridgehead. We came abreast an engine, when the voice of Kink rang out from the lead.

"Flight, *halt!* Fall out, the officers."

We gathered around him. He said nothing, but pointed. And then we saw.

ALTHOUGH there were, between us and the death-vomiting bluffs, six sidings packed with trains, at this particular point there was on every track a gap. A gap of perhaps two freight-car lengths scattered with dead and dying refugees.

Up on the bluffs a machine-gun outfit was sweeping that open space without a pause.

If we chose, we could get down to the river and start across the ice, where we would probably be slapped down like rats. Or we could go on, across that bullet-swept chink in our shelter. It was practically no choice at all. Decision, in that moment, was impossible.

Three people were coming toward us in the lee of the train beyond the gap. Why toward us, I have no idea. An enormous man, a priest, with flowing beard and black robe, lurching heavily along; he was blind. On either side of him, clutching his arms, was a girl, guiding him.

We yelled frantically at them. The refugees behind and around us yelled. All in vain. Straight out into that open stretch came all three. The girls simply collapsed and went down. The big priest leaped in the air like a salmon in spring, and fell across the two of them. The machine gunners concentrated on his body until he began to come apart.

A smudge of smoke had drawn down the river. It was clearer now and closer. The icebreaker was smashing its way down toward the bridge; when it got there, the bridge would be blown up. Kink lit a cigarette.

"Speak up, you fellows," he said, calmly enough. "No time to lose. Do we take to the ice or keep going?"

We said nothing. I'm blowed if I wanted to say anything.

TWO refugees came running up behind us, crowded past, and hesitated for an instant, their breaths pumping white. Then they plunged forward. One crumpled at the second step. The other was caught in midair and went forward on his face in a dive. A woman carrying a baby had followed them. Six feet from us she pitched down. The baby rolled out of her arms and lay kicking.

"Oh, God damn it!" burst out Mud Langley, and jumped before any one could stop him. He tripped over the mother, fell on top of the baby, and that probably saved him. He lunged back at us, baby and all, and we pulled him in. He grinned shakily and passed the kid into the refugee crowd.

"Hold on, hold on!" There was a break in Kink's voice. He was pointing toward the bluffs. They were disappearing. So was the river. A fine mist, accompanied by a thick rolling fog, was sweeping in on everything.

"Look back at the town," said Eddie. From the edge of Rostov was ascending a tremendous billow of black smoke, shot with fire. "Looks like a petrol tank going up, eh?"

It did; but, as we learned later, it was the base hospital. The Reds took out the nurses and surgeons, shot them, drenched the hospital with petrol, and touched a match. Russky and over five thousand officers drew their tickets that morning.

"Flight, attention!"

Kink's voice rang suddenly. The machine guns on the bluffs were ceasing their chatter. Fog was rolling around us, smothering us; the bluffs were lost to sight.

"Close column. By your left. Quick march!"

Quick march it was and no mistake, and everybody trying hard not to stumble over what was left of the blind priest. We were past that door of death and making for the bridge when a voice burst out.

"Column, halt!" It was General Brough. "Is your flight all correct?"

"All correct, sir," Kink reported.

"Then give the marching order and follow me," and he melted into the white wall of fog.

The bridge, the river drifted ahead and below; the shrapnel was still crunching. Below us the icebreaker was a grimy shadow, belching smoke. The death and horror fell away from us and was gone.

On the railway embankment across the bridge General Brough left us like a ghost and departed to his waiting train. We trudged on. We were safe. All we had to do now was reach Ekaterinodar, two hundred miles south. On shanks' mare.

We marched on, and the gunfire died out. No more screaming; just the refugees plowing along in the snow. What had happened to the immense numbers cut off at Rostov was very simple: they no longer existed.

We might have chucked some poor devils out of a train and taken it over, but we were not built that way. And presently the trains were gone on ahead. Behind us the human flood drifted on.

For a month we never removed our clothes. We ate what we could get, mostly raw onions or horsemeat sausages. Often we did not eat.

One day trains began to split the human sea, trains loaded with soldiers. The attempt to make a stand opposite Rostov had failed. Thirty thousand men had been gathered in that attempt, and the Reds blew them all away like a house of cards.

THAT night we had to hold Red Johnson by main force to keep him from going back to find Kitty. But in another couple of days Kuban Cossacks began to drift past, thousands of them. We were in Kuban country now. The base at Ekaterinodar was their capital.

With them came hordes of Don Cossacks. And more refugees. Half of this enormous migration out of Russia had split off and gone to the Crimea, taking Collishaw and most of Squadron 47 with it, but all the Cossacks had headed this way into their own lands.

Then, one day, we looked up and found Kitty staring at us from her saddle. She was alone, wounded in the hip and again in the hand, and looked like the ghost of a scarecrow. When Red jumped for her, she smiled faintly and toppled out of the saddle.

Next morning she was able to go on. After that, she did not leave us until we reached Ekaterinodar.

At the junction of the Vladikavkaz railroad we found General Holman's headquarters train. Our troubles were ended. He sent for us to dine with him, gave us a train, and ordered us to refit at Novorossiisk, then rejoin him at Ekaterinodar. The war was not over by a long shot. Denikine and the Cossacks were bending every energy to stop the Red advance.

So we came again to Novorossiisk. Amazingly, a bath and clean clothes produced the most uncomfortable feeling imaginable. The clothes irritated until the skin was raw. Bill Daly came down sick.

We got a new train, a gorgeous one. We got new Camels, smack out of the factory packing cases. Russky was replaced by Count Waldimir d'Adix, who had fourteen decorations and as

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many wounds. And, all remade, once more officers with work to do, we headed through the icy wind-swept pass to Ekaterinodar.

Our only orders were to stand by and await developments. So we started in to make up for the lost time and forget what lay behind us.

The refugee-crowded city had a delirious flush of revelry and abandon. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," was the general sentiment; and so far as the dying went, it was correct.

Our stay was one long *prosnik.* One day Kitty and Red broke in upon us with word that they were going to be married. We went out to celebrate the happy thought, and in a cabaret came upon one of Restegieff's old staff. Rather, he came upon us, with a wild whoop of "Kinky!" He embraced Kink ardently, and slyly pulled his gun and sent two bullets into the floor between them, by way of a joke. He had a drink with us, and bit away one side of the goblet. Crunching the glass between his teeth, he sprayed it out over the table. *"Na Moskva!"* he shouted, and put another bullet into the floor.

They were all like that, and we were little better. We raised hell generally, and so did every one else. One bright gleam came our way. Impromptu, no longer a general, had been sent home with his tail between his legs. We outdid ourselves celebrating his debunking. That stolen engine was something that nobody in B Flight would ever forgive or forget.

Once more the jammed trains began to pull out for the rear and crowd the tracks. Once more the guns came growling over the horizon and ever nearer. Once more the awful flood of humanity went pouring out toward the icy mountain passes as fresh panic took hold. And behind us revolt was growing everywhere.

Then came the smash. The remnants of the British contingent were here: tanks, infantry, fliers, staff, gunners. Officers from the Irish and Grenadier Guards, Royal Field Artillery, and other famous units.

In a crumbling courtyard, with the noses of field guns protruding through holes battered in its walls, we stood in a hollow square at attention. We held Ekaterinodar; nobody else did. The Russians had skipped.

General Holman, cane in hand, his gray hair bordering the scarlet band of his cap, spoke to us. I can still hear every word he uttered.

"Here in the town are ten thousand women and children, wives and families of Russian officers with whom we have been fighting. In the suburbs are five thousand more. I have information that a Red uprising in the city plans to seize the local government tonight. The trains are waiting for us. If we go, these women and children will be at the mercy of the Bolshevists.

"I have given my word that I will not leave until they have been evacuated. I have no authority to command any of you to remain with me. If you remain and the Reds take over the railroad, you will have to walk to Novorossiisk.

"In thirty minutes the last train departs. Any officer or man who wants to go, take one pace forward."

That was all. A silence fell. It was broken when a wireless officer named Weller and two men took a step forward.

The rest of us manned the guns in our courtyard. The last train went without us.

What then? And what was to happen at Novorossiisk when the French and British forces were abruptly withdrawn? Captain Aten tells you in next week's, the concluding installment of Flying Madmen.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—The photograph is that of Dot King, victim in the famous "Broadway Butterfly" murder mystery in New York in 1923.

2—Beau Brummell, a close friend of the Prince of Wales, later George IV, criticized the latter's coat. As a result he was dropped by the prince.

3—That of Holland. Crown Princess Juliana is the only child of the present monarch.

4—Bob Fitzsimmons, in his fight with Corbett. His wife shouted these words to him at a crucial moment during the fight, and he won.

5—Salt in the African jungle and butter in Greenland.

6—The Black King Cristophe of Haiti formally gave that title to one of his followers.

7—Glass may be cut under water with a pair of shears or strong scissors.

8—Not because they eat frogs, but because an ancient heraldic device of the French kings was "three toads erect, saltent." At the Court of Versailles a common expression was, "What do the frogs (people) say?"

9—The average rate of growth is 1/32 of an inch a week, or a little more than one and one-half inches a year.

10—The prefix "horse" is a corruption of the Welsh *gwres*, meaning hot, fierce, or pungent. *Horselaugh*, a coarse, vulgar laugh. *Horse-radish*, the pungent radish. *Horseplay*, rough play.

11—The tree in Washington Square, New York City, in honor of the poet, Alan Seeger, who fell in the French Foreign Legion July 4, 1916.

12—The turkey gobbler.

13—Pirates and buccaneers, when they were tried ashore. Afloat, they were hanged from the yardarm.

14—David Wark Griffith, about 1908, when he was starring Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, and others in short subjects.

15—Eamon de Valera, President of the Irish Free State. He was born on East Forty-second Street, New York City.

16—The banana. It reproduces itself by sending up shoots from the root of the parent stem.

17—Mae West. Her father was Billy West, lightweight champion of his day.

18—Port Royal, Jamaica, West Indies, capital of the buccaneers, hurled into the ocean by an earthquake in 1692.

19—The present one, John Masefield.

20—Anthony Wilding of Australia, killed at Gallipoli.

N.G.

A Man's Country

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES

ALASKA—where men are men and women are sometimes mentioned.

It was around midnight and the sun was still shining, though you couldn't see it. It was lost somewhere in the welter of stained clouds to the west.

We walked to the end of the street and stood looking out over the restless waters of Cook Inlet.

"Tide's going out," Dick said. "Greatest tides in the world right here, except for the Bay of Fundy. The water'll rise thirty to forty feet in six hours. Many a boat's been wrecked out there, and many a duck hunter has been drowned. The tide comes in with a rush and a roar. It's got to—to fill this inlet. It goes out the same way. Traps you before you know it."

There was a little cone of white and pink sticking up into the black-and-gray-and-red-gold sky.

"That's Mount McKinley," Dick told me, "the highest peak on the continent. Let's get a drink and turn in."

We had come into Anchorage from the Matanuska valley, where we had been sleeping in tents and writing about the colonists. We came in to see a movie, to sleep in a real bed for a change—and to moisten our dry throats.

Dick knew the north as thoroughly as a parish priest his parish, and never tired of showing it off to visitors.

"Alaska," he'd say, caressing the word, "she's different. She's a man's country! Her only skirts are outskirts."

We stepped into a room as big and silent as an armory, and took our places at the long bar. Dick threw a silver dollar on the mahogany, introduced me to the bartender, a tall thick man who might have fought in the ring when he was younger, and ordered beer.

On the farther side of the room eight or nine men sat about a table playing cards. A gang of deaf-mutes would have made more noise.

"They're playing panguingui," Dick said, noting my look of surprise; "a game something like rummy, only played with about ten packs of cards."

"But why are they so quiet?" I asked.

"You can't be noisy and keep track of every card in ten decks," Dick said. "Not if you want to hang on to your poke."

Two men came in before we'd finished the second bottle. Dick introduced them. One was an aviator. The other worked for the Bureau of Fisheries. The aviator bought a drink. The Fisheries man began to talk of sea gulls.

"Remember poor Jim Sweeney's story about the two gulls conniving to steal a salmon from an eagle?" he asked the bartender.

"Poor Jim," the barkeep said.

A little silence hushed the room.

"Sea gulls are smart," the Fisheries man said. "And they got guts. And the eagle? The most cowardly bird that flies! It's a shame and a disgrace to the United States to put that dirty coward on our dollars. But what can you expect of a lot of cheechakos down in Washington?

"Well, anyway, these two gulls used teamwork. The eagle had swooped down and taken a salmon out of the river. The gulls attacked him. One dived at the eagle. The big bird put out to sea a little, but not too far. An eagle's afraid to fly over water. The second gull veered as the first one went by, and chased the eagle a little farther away from shore. As soon as he'd done his part, the first gull came back again.

"I wish Jim was here to tell this yarn. Nobody could tell a story like Jim."

"Poor old Jim," said Dick.

The bartender absentmindedly wiped a clean place on the bar.

"Bit by bit," the Fisheries man continued, "the gulls forced the eagle farther and farther out to sea. And he got scareder and scareder. He tried again and again to fly in, but every time one of those gulls would swoop at him.

"That eagle was just gibbering. And when the gulls saw that, one of them swooped down and stole the fish. I'll bet the eagle was never gladder in his life. He flew back to land, and the gulls had the salmon—though all they wanted was his eyes."

"Swell yarn," I said.

"It actually happened," the Fisheries man said, spinning a dollar on the bar. "Jim Sweeney never lied about a thing like that. Sea gulls are smart. You know there's one place on this coast that's a sort of hangout for them, a point jutting out into the inlet. You can walk around it at low tide and see a couple thousand gulls holding a conference. I've walked around there any number of times. If I have a gun or a stick, those gulls will fly up and let me alone. If they see I have neither, not one will budge."

He looked at me suspiciously.

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"I was grinning at that sign on the cash register," I explained. "'No native or Filipino trade wanted.'"

The Fisheries man smiled and forgave me. He looked at the bartender again.

"Doesn't he look like Jim Sweeney?" he asked.

The bartender studied me a moment, nodded solemnly.

"A little," he conceded. He filled four glasses and shoved them forward.

"It'll be a long time," Dick said, "before you'll find another man like Jim."

"A long time?" the bartender repeated, a little scandalized. "There'll never be a man like Jim again. Never."

"And to think he was drowned like that," the aviator contributed, his eyes far away.

"How did he drown?" I asked.

FOUR pair of eyes were focused on me immediately. In the bartender's look there was something like contempt. Here was actually a man who'd never heard of Sweeney!

"You must be a cheechako," the Fisheries man said.

I admitted the charge. The bartender's eyes relented.

"He was drowned in the ice," he said. "As fine a man as ever lived."

"He was mushing from Kenai to Seward last winter with his wife and kid," Dick said. "You know what mushing means? Traveling with a dog team and a sled. He'd done it hundreds of times. Jim was the best musher in Alaska. This time he came to open water on an ice-covered stream. But he didn't know it was open water, because there was snow on it. Two, three inches of snow."

"No way he could tell," the bartender put in quickly, almost angrily. He poured out more beer—on the house.

"They found the marks of the lead dog's nails on the farther rim of the ice," Dick went on. "Which shows he almost made it. The lead dog got just so far, and then the weight of the sled pulled him and the other dogs in."

"Of course the sled was heavy," the bartender said, "what with the wife and kid on it. It had to go down."

"And the wife and kid were drowned too?" I asked, feeling a little thrill of horror.

The bartender shoved four glasses forward and held a fifth poised in his gigantic hand. "Wife and kid?" he said. "Hell, even the dogs was drowned with Jim."

He raised his glass solemnly. We raised ours.

"To poor Jim Sweeney," the bartender said. "God rest his soul. Amen!"

THE END

IT HAPPENED IN...

TOPEKA, KAN.—A woman called at the Shawnee County relief headquarters to complain about the amount of money and supplies given her family. "We just can't get along on what we're getting," she told a case worker. "My husband and I have talked it over and he said if we didn't get more he was going out and try to find a job."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.— Postmaster Peter Piasecki assured his postmen that judging the beauty of damsels on their routes is not one of their duties.

He gave the assurance after receiving the following letter from a northern Wisconsin man:

"I have been corresponding with a lady on the east side of Milwaukee whom I have never met. I am enclosing her address and perhaps the mail carrier on the route will take a good look at her and will inform me if she is pretty."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mrs. L. Zeppenfeld stopped her car on a side street and took a nap. When she awoke she discovered that a thief with a gentle touch had stolen the upper plate of her false teeth.

TAUNTON, MASS. —The proprietor of a local restaurant, out of change during a rush in business, gave one of his dumber employees a ten-dollar bill and requested him to get "some silver." The man did—he came back with ten dollars' worth of knives, forks, and spoons from a near-by five-and-ten-cent store.

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TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

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COVER BY GROTZ STUDIO

How the QUINTUPLETS are GETTING RICH!

by MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

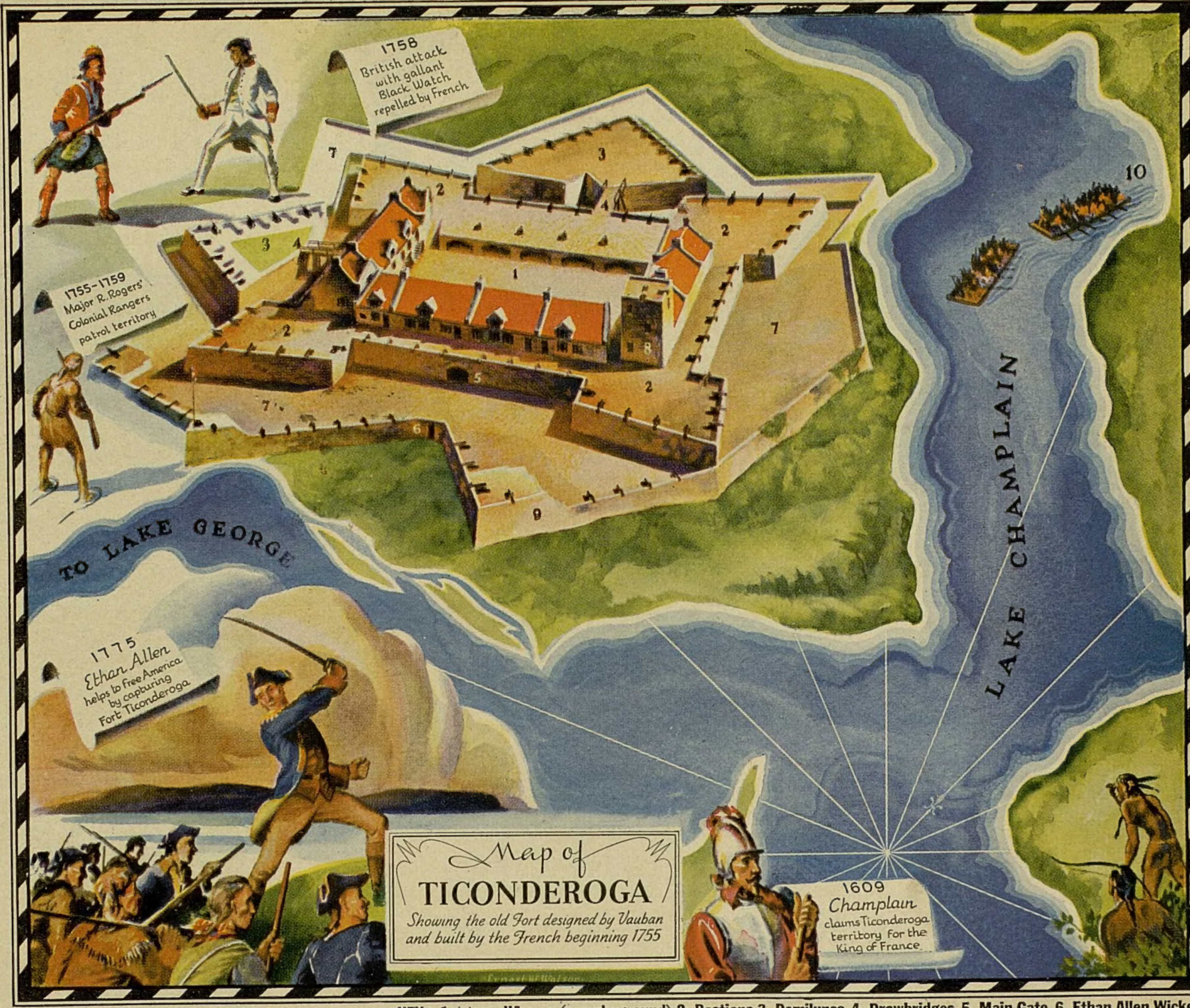
WHAT'S to become of the Dionne "quins" in later life? With all of their advantages, what lies ahead? After the *de luxe* childhood and girlhood will theirs be a glorious goal, happy obscurity, or inglorious and unhappy anti-climax? Why can't they go home and be happy there like other girls as soon as health and education need no more attention? What will be their financial situation? You'll find much food for thought in Marguerite Mooers Marshall's keen study of the "quins'" future in next week's Liberty.

Also a robust adventure laid at the door of Master Francois Villon by John Erskine, "Ten Years after the Monkey Show I'm Going Back to Dayton," by Charles Francis Potter, Liberty's short short, Vina Delmar, Bert Green, H. Bedford-Jones and a dozen articles and features.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE EVERYWHERE, SEPTEMBER 18


1758
British attack with gallant Black Watch repelled by French
1755-1759
Major R. Rogers' Colonial Rangers patrol territory
1775
Ethan Allen helps to free America by capturing Fort Ticonderoga
1609
Champlain claims Ticonderoga territory for the King of France
TO LAKE GEORGE
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
Ernest W. Watson

Map of
TICONDEROGA
Showing the old Fort designed by Vauban and built by the French beginning 1755

KEY • 1. Place d'Armes (parade ground) 2. Bastions 3. Demilunes 4. Drawbridges 5. Main Gate 6. Ethan Allen Wicket Gate 7. Counterscarps 8. Watch-Tower 9. Outer Defense 10. Ethan Allen & Green Mt. Boys leaving Hand's Cove

Ticonderoga leads are: No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 2 5/10, firm; No. 3, medium; No. 4 hard.

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Fort Ticonderoga, cradle of American liberty, has seen the flags of France, Great Britain, the Continental Congress and the United States wave from its walls. May 10, 1775, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys embarked in two small boats (see place marked 10 on map), and "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" captured the fort. **NOTE:** Beautiful reproduction of this unique, historically valuable map, without advertising, in full colors, mailed free on request. Write to Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

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